UC-NRLF
$B 135 204

MRS. JARLEY'S

WAXWORKS

UC-NRLF

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

B 45728

F. B. Bartlett
of Concord Mass
U. S. A

Moving Pictures
The CINEMA

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED COLLECTION OF

WAX-WORKS.

VOLUME I.

(CONTAINING FOUR PARTS.)

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
26, WEST 22ND STREET.

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED

COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS,

PART I.

AS ARRANGED BY

G. B. BARTLETT, OF CONCORD, MASS.,

AND PERFORMED BY AMATEURS UNDER HIS DIRECTION FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES IN MOST OF THE CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

With full Directions for their Arrangement, Positions, Movements, Costumes, and Properties.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NOVEL COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE MARBLES.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER:
26, WEST 22ND STREET.

[1873-89]

PN6120
T3B3

Characters, Costumes and Properties.

MRS. JARLEY.—*Old black dress, bright shawl, huge bonnet.*

LITTLE NELL.—*Calico dress, white apron, hat over her arm.*

JOHN AND PETER.—*Livery suits. They have a feather duster, watchman's rattle, screwdriver, hammer, nails, and oil-can.*

THE CHINESE GIANT.—*A man or woman with high cheek-bones, standing on a high stool, chintz skirt round the waist, long enough to cover the stool, Chinese over-dress, hat, queue, and moustache.*

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.—*Two girls standing back to back, one red skirt around both, white waists, hair curled, hands hanging.*

SEWING WOMAN.—*Elizabethan ruff, silk dress, velvet over-dress.*

MRS. WINSLOW.—*Black dress, white apron, kerchief, and cap. Sits in chair and holds doll on left arm, and small bottle in right hand.*

CAPTAIN KIDD.—*White pantaloons, blue skirt, sailor hat, sword.*

VICTIM.—*Lady with flowing hair, white dress, silk over-dress.*

THE MERMAID.—*Girl with long light hair; the body of a fish made of green cambric reaches to her waist; she holds comb and hand-glass.*

THE MANIAC.—*Lady with black hair, white dress trimmed with gay flowers; holds pickle-jar in right hand.*

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—*Two men dressed alike in modern costume; a large bone is fastened by a wire to each, their left and right arms are over the neck of the other.*

THE BOY THAT STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.—*A small boy; his clothes put on him hind-side before.*

THE DWARF.—*Boy with red cloak, long white wig, bowl and spoon.*

BLUE BEARD.—*Flowing robe of any bright colour, turban, loose white pantaloons, beard of blue yarn; he holds a very large key in right hand.*

SIGNORINA SQUALLINI.—*Rich party dress.*

JACK SPRATT.—*A tall lean man; square-cut suit.*

MRS. JACK SPRATT.—*A fleshy lady in bright chintz dress. A small table stands between them. They are seated at opposite sides of the table, each with plate and knife and fork.*

LORD BYRON.—*Sits in arm-chair; he wears a black cloak with large white collar; holds a book on his right knee, a child on his left, and a pencil in his right hand.*

CHILDE HAROLD.—*A small child or large doll with flaxen hair, seated on Byron's left knee.*

THE LIVE YANKEE.—*A tall thin man, Yankee suit, bell-crowned hat; holds jack knife in right hand, long stick in left.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED SEWING MACHINE.—*Lady neatly and simply dressed, a stocking in her hand.*

THE CANNIBAL.—*Large man, Indian costume, crown of feathers; holds war-club and a piece of a hoop.*

THE BACHELOR.—*Blue swallow-tail coat, ruffle, buff vest, white hat; he holds a wheelbarrow in which his lady reclines.*

HIS LADY LOVE.—*Young lady; bright chintz dress, huge bonnet, parasol; holds fan in one hand, parasol in other.*

MOTHER GOOSE.—*Old lady; ruffled cap, black dress. wings made of black cambric, which expand as she raises her arms.*

LITTLE BO-PEEP.—*Small girl; red skirt, chintz tuck-up overdress, high hat; holds a crook.*

THE GIGGLER.—*Girl with large face and mouth; calico dress, long apron; holds newspaper.*

OLD KING COLE.—*Large man; ermine robe, crown, red merry face; has pipe in his hand, and bowl and glass in lap.*

THE CONTRABAND.—*Negro; jean suit, old hat; holds blacking-brush.*

BABES IN THE WOOD.—*Very large men, one dressed as boy with jacket, the other in dress in style of little girl; each holds a dough-nut.*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—*Small girl; red dress and hood; holds small basket in right hand.*

FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.—*Young lady with long light hair; white dress; holds bottle and curling-tongs.*

*** *For Motions, see note after each description.*

MRS. JARLEY'S FAR-FAMED COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS.

POSITIONS.

At rise of curtain the Chinese Giant stands at back of stage, the other figures being placed on each side of him in a semi-circle. John and Peter are seated on low stools at L. Little Nell is dusting the figures with a long feather brush. Mrs. Jarley stands in front and begins her opening speech, directing her men to bring out each single figure before she describes it. John then winds up each one, after it has been described, and when it stops it is carried back to place.

If the stage is too small, they may be shown in different groups or chambers, according to the judgment of the manager.

After all have been described, the assistants wind up all, and the figures go through their motions all together, to the music of a piano, keeping time to a tune which gradually goes faster, then all stop, and curtain falls.

MRS. JARLEY'S OPENING SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You here behold Mrs. Jarley! one of the most remarkable women of the world, who has travelled all over the country with her curious Collection of Waxworks. These figures have been gathered, at great expense, from every clime and country, and are here shown together for the first time. I shall describe each one of them for your benefit, and shall order my assistants to bring some of them forward, so you can see them to advantage. After I have given you the history of each one of this stupendous Collection,

I shall have each one of them wound up, for they are all fitted with clockworks inside, and they can thus go through the same motions they did when living. In fact, they do their movements so naturally, that many people have supposed them to be alive; but I assure you that they are all made of wood and wax, blockheads every one.

Without further prelude, I shall now introduce to your notice each one of my figures, beginning, as usual, with the last one first.

THE CHINESE GIANT.

This figure is universally allowed to be the tallest figure in my collection; he originated in the two provinces of Oolong and Shang-high, one province not being long enough to produce him. On account of his extreme length it is impossible to give any adequate idea of him in one entertainment; consequently he will be continued in our next.

He was the inventor, projector, and discoverer of Niagara Falls, Bunker Hill Monument, and the Balm of a Thousand Flour "Barrels." In fact, everything was originally discovered by him or some other of the Chinese. They are a *cue*-rious people, especially those who live in Peek-in. The portrait of this person, who was a high dignitary among them, may be often seen depicted on a blue china plate, standing upon a bridge, which leans upon nothing at neither end, intently observing two birds which are behind him in the distance.

Wind up the Giant.

MOVEMENT.—The Giant bows low, then wags his head three times, and bows as before, and after a dozen motions slowly stops.

You will observe that I have spared no expense in procuring wonders of every sort, and here is my crowning effort, or *chef-do over*.

THE CURIOUS TWO-HEADED GIRL.

A remarkable freak of Nature, which impresses the beholder with silent awe. "Observe the two heads and one body." "See these fair faces, each one lovelier than the other." No one can gaze upon them without a double sensation "of sorrow and of joy"—sorrow that such beauty and grace was ever united, and joy that he has had the pleasure of contemplating their union.

Wind them up.

MOVEMENT.—This figure is made by two young ladies wrapped in one large skirt. They hold their arms out with their hands hanging, which shake as if loose when they are wound up.

John, bring out the Sewing Woman, and let the ladies behold the unfortunate seamstress who died from pricking her finger with her needle while sewing on Sunday. You see that the work which she holds is stained with gore, which drips from her finger to the floor, which is poetry! This forms a sad and melancholy warning to all heads of families immediately to purchase one of Wheeler and Wilson's sewing-machines, for this accident never could have happened had she not been without one of those excellent machines, as no family should be.

MOVEMENT.—When wound this figure sews very stiffly and stops slowly.

John then carries her back to her place.

To the heads of families in my audience it is only necessary to point out my next figure, for she will at once be recognised by them as their principal support in times of distress—the children's friend, the parent's assistant, the mother's hope, Mrs. S. A. Winslow a nurse of thirty years' standing. She

holds in her hand a bottle of that wonderful syrup which has soothed the sorrows of so many suffering sisters. I cannot do better justice to this remarkable fluid than by quoting a few stanzas from the celebrated comic poet Ossian in his great melodramatic poem of "Marmion"—"Soothing Syrup adds new lustre to the cheek of beauty, smooths the wrinkles from the furrowed brow of age, and is also excellent for chilblains."

Wind up this figure, John, and show the ladies the natural manner in which this delicious dose is administered. "Children cry for it," and the baby which she carries in her left arm would cry if her crier was not out of order, but I have given orders to have it re-leathered next week, when if you come again you will have the pleasure of hearing it cry as natural as life.

MOVEMENT.—Mrs. Winslow tosses the baby with her left arm and plies the bottle with her right.

Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to call your attention to this beautiful group, which has lately been added at an enormous expense to my Collection. You here behold the first privateer and the first victim of his murderous propensities. Captain Kidd, the robber of the main, supposed to have originated somewhere Down East. His whole life being spent upon the stormy deep, he amassed an immense fortune, and buried it in the sand along the flower-clad banks of Cape Cod, by which course he invented the Savings Banks, now so common along shore. Having hidden away so much property, which, like so many modern investments, never can be unearthed, he was known as a great sea-cretur. Before him kneels his lovely and innocent victim, the Lady Blousabella Infantina, who was several times taken and murdered by the bloodthirsty tyrant, which accounts for the calm look of resignation depicted upon her lovely countenance. Perhaps some of

you may remember the good old song written by the Captain, where he relates in highly expressive language his treatment of this young lady's lover——

"Of his heart I made a stew, and I made her eat it too!"

Wind 'em up, John.

Movement.—The Captain's sword moves up and down, and the Victim's arms go in unison.

THE FEEJEE MERMAID.

In this beautiful combination of nature and art you behold united the body of a beautiful woman and a beautiful fish. This specimen of the codfish aristocracy is considered rather a scaly one. Her chief amusement when alive was to sit upon a high rock and allure sailors to destruction by her sweet songs, which always drew well. She used to comb her hair often, and when wound up she will give you a specimen of her manner of doing it.

Movement.—The Mermaid is then wound up, and she combs her hair and looks in a small glass which she holds in her hand.

John, bring out the Maniac.

Martha Bangs, the miserable maniac who poisoned fourteen families by giving them pickled walnuts, and then wandered about from house to house observing the effect of the pestiferous pickles. She holds in her right hand the fatal jar which has plunged so many happy families into the deepest despair; you will observe also the wild confusion of ideas expressed by her raving locks. The dreadful deeds of this frantic young woman have proved fertile subjects for the pens of many gifted authors. It is of this classic figure that the poet Burns

speaks in his comic poem of "Casabianca." To use the words of the lamented John Phœnix, "Face white as the driven snow, hair black as the driven charcoal."

John, wind up the Maniac.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up she tears her hair with left hand, and moves pickle jar up and down with her right hand.

The Wonderful Siamese Twins compose the next group. These remarkable brothers lived together in the greatest harmony, though there was always a bone of contention between them. They were never seen apart, such was their brotherly fondness. They married young, both being opposed to a single life. The short one is not quite so tall as his brother, although their ages are about the same. One of them was born in the island of Borneo, the other on the southern extremity of Cape Cod.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up they begin to fight, continue for a moment, and stop suddenly.

MRS. J. Bring out that Boy. Fix his arms in position.

The assistants arrange the Boy's limbs, which move stiffly, as if on joints.

This Boy, ladies and gentlemen, had the extreme foolishness to stand upon the burning deck. Turning to look in the direction "whence" Albut "he had fled," his head became completely turned, so that he was picked up insensible from among the burning embers, and his face has been firmly fixed the wrong way ever since. This figure stands as a warning to all children who have the old-fashioned habit of obeying their parents, for had this lad been brought up in the modern style, the very fact of his being commanded by the old gentleman to

remain, would, doubtless, have induced him to run away, and so his life would have been saved.

Wind up the Boy.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up the Boy tries to turn his head, but his whole body revolves on his heel.

MRS. J. Put the Boy back again.

John puts the Boy in place and his arms in position as before.

THE CELEBRATED WELSH DWARF.

This wonderful child has created some interest in the medical and scientific world, from the fact that he was thirteen years old when he was born, and kept on growing older and older until he died at the somewhat advanced age of two hundred and ninety-seven, in consequence of eating too freely of pies and cakes, his favourite food. He measured exactly 2 feet and 7 inches from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and 2 feet and 10 inches from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. Was first discovered 10 miles from any land, and 12 miles from any water, making the enormous total of 91, which figure was never before reached by any previous exhibition.

Wind up the Dwarf.

MOVEMENT.—Dwarf eats very stiffly with a large spoon in his right hand; he holds a bowl in his left hand, which falls on the floor after a moment, and is broken.

MRS. J. John, get your tools and screw on that dwarf's hand, for it has become so loose that it costs a fortune for the crockery he breaks.

John screws up the hand, gets a new bowl, and winds up the figure again.

MRS. J. Bring forward Blue Beard. Go and get the key and clasp his hand around it.

John places a key, 3 feet in length, in the hand.

Bluebeard, the well-known philanthropist, the loving father and tender husband. But little is known of the early history of this celebrated personage except that his name was Nathan Beard, and he kept a seminary for young ladies at Walpole, Mass., where he endeavoured to instil into the female mind those qualities in which they are so painfully deficient—curiosity and love of approbation. Failing, of course, in this, he became so blue and low-spirited that he was known by the nickname of "Bluebeard," which title he bore until his death, which occurred during the latter portion of his life. In his hand he holds the instrument which he used throughout his long and successful career; it will be at once recognised by every true scholar as the key to Colburn's Arithmetic, Part Third.

Wind him up and set him back.

MOVEMENT.—Bluebeard lifts the key and bows.

Bring out the Vocalist.

I now call your attention to the most costly of all my figures. This wonderful automaton singer represents Signorina Squallini, the unrivalled Vocalist, whose notes are current in every market, and sway all hearts, at her own sweet will.

Wind her up, and let her liquid notes pour forth.

MOVEMENT.—She gesticulates wildly, and sings a few notes in a very extravagant manner, then stops with a hoarse sound.

MRS. J. John, this figure needs oiling. Why do you not attend to your duties better?

John gets oil can which he applies to each ear of the figure,

who strikes a high note, and sings with much expression and many thrills, then makes a gurgling sound as if running down, and is carried back to place.

In this group, Ladies and Gentlemen, you see a beautiful and improving example of what perfection can be attained by machinery and genius combined. It represents Jack Spratt and his economical and loving wife, who adapted her tastes to those of her husband so skilfully that nothing was ever wasted in that well-ordered household. As we are assured by the talented quill of Mother Goose, one of this loving couple devoured all the fat, the other all the lean meat. So both were pleased, the board was cleared, and the dishes washed in peace and harmony, a condition of things which many housekeepers would be wise to imitate.

Movements.—They are wound up together, and each alternately raises plate to lips and lowers it again.

To an audience of such cultivation as the one before me it seems almost unnecessary to describe this figure. Who does not recognise it at once as Lord Byron, as he appeared when composing his celebrated novel of the *Coarsehair?*

This wonderful poem ranks in the public estimation with the following well-known works:—*What's on the Mind*, *Locke on the Understanding*, and *The Pleasures of Imagination*, by Aiken Side. He holds in his arms his favourite child Harold.

Movement.—When wound up he turns his head, writes on a book which lies in his lap, and tosses child with his left arm.

THE LIVE YANKEE.

You here behold a specimen of an irrepressible, indomitable native Yankee, who has been everywhere, seen everything, and knows everybody. He has explored the arid jungles of

Africa, and drawn forth the spotted cobra by his prehensile tail, snowballed the Russian bear on the snowy slopes of Alpine forests, and sold wooden nutmegs to the unsuspecting innocents of Patagonia. He has peddled patent medicines in the desert of Sahara, and hung his hat and carved his name on the extreme top of the North Pole. The only difficulty I find in describing him is that I cannot tell what he cannot do. I will therefore set him in motion, as he hates to be quiet.

Movement.—When wound up he pushes his hat back on his head and begins to whittle.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SEWING-MACHINE.

Here is the original and best of these home comforts, which flourished long before Howe knew how to think, and when Baker was unbaked. She is a Singer and a sweet one. Not a weed lately sprung up, but a family favourite of long standing. Her fair fingers sewed the unbending breeches of the staunch old Puritan, and the simple garb of the gentle Quaker so strong in the faith. With such a sewing-machine in the house, home will be made happy, and gentle peace with dove-like wings will brood over the house-top. So be it! It is needless to follow this thread of remark; every one but a stupid old bachelor knows these facts, and he, poor fool! does not know much of anything but sorrow. Imagine him sewing on his wretched buttons and pining for the sweet companionship of such a household treasure.

Movement.—When wound she darns a stocking.

Here you behold a curious Cannibal from the Feejee Islands, first discovered by Captain Cook, who came very near being cooked by him. In that case the worthy Captain would never have completed his celebrated voyage around the world. This

individual was greatly interested in the cause of foreign missions, as he received the missionaries gladly, and gave them a place near his heart. He was finally converted by a very tough colporteur who had been brought up in a New York boarding house, and induced to become civilised. One of his evidences of a change of life was shown by his statement that he now had but one wife like the English. "What have you done with the other twelve which you said you had a month ago?" asked the colporteur. "Oh, I have ate them!" replied the gentle savage. This Cannibal was very fond of children, especially those of a tender age; he holds in his hand a war club with which he prepared his daily meals, and a piece of a war hoop, which is an original one.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up he brandishes his club and raises hoop to his mouth.

THE BACHELOR AND HIS FUTURE WIFE.

You here behold an example of the moving power of true love. This unfortunate bachelor lived alone in the country a prey to rats, mice, and remorse, so to merge his little ills in a greater he decides to go to London to get a wife. Now this was many years ago, and the great metropolis of London was but a small city with narrow lanes like those of Boston. So he was compelled to bring his wife home in a primitive carriage with one wheel, and no horse. This shows how much a man can be led to do for a loving affectionate wife. Observe the careless grace with which she carries her gay parasol, and the steadfast face of her true-hearted swain. Many a modern belle marries like her for the sake of a carriage.

Wind them up, John.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, he wheels his wife slowly forward and backward, and finally tips her over.

MOTHER GOOSE

The immortal poetess, whose songs furnish the first nourishment and inspiration to our tender minds, and whose words of wisdom sustain our feeble footsteps as they totter towards the grave. Who can forget her if they would, or would if they could? So full of tender grace and poetic imagery, her works hush the critic's tongue, and deprive Envy of her sting. What gentle admonition to the epicure is conveyed by her stanzas to the rapacious hen, and to the glutton who proposed to put on the pot after mealtime was over; what tender reproach in the allusion to the elopement of the erring dish with the young spoon. What satire can better reach the hard heart of the office-holder than the sly hit about "the cat's in the creampot, she can't see?" What can move the impenitent heart more strongly than the fate of the hardened sinner who was thrown down in such a disgraceful manner because "he would not say his prayers?" But to such a name as hers my poor words can add nothing, so I will wind her up and let her speak for herself.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, she flaps her wings and hisses.

The particular attention of young ladies who are too much given to levity is called to this figure, the Unfortunate Giggler. This poor girl when young had acquired an unfortunate habit of laughing, which grew upon her as she grew up. The slightest event would make her laugh immoderately, and she was so reduced at last that she could smile at the dreary platitudes of the comic newspapers. Everything was the subject of her foolish smiles: even young men could draw them from her as they passed. Instead of following the advice of the immortal Shakspeare, and finding "sermons in stones," every stone was for her a grin-stone whichever way she turned. She was finally choked while laughing at her meals, and this figure of her illustrates the truth of the following exquisite couplet

by some poet, whose name has slipped from my memory, yet whose golden words will never slip from my mind:—

"Laughing girls and crowing hens
Never come to no good ends."

Wind her up, John, and let her laugh.

MOVEMENT.—Figure smiles sweetly, then laughs loudly, and stops suddenly.

OLD KING COLE,

Sometimes known as the Merry Monarch. You here behold the personification of philosophy and good humour, a man schooled in adversity, and a contradiction to the oft-repeated statement of the poet, "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown." On the statement of his gifted biographer we rely, for history says that "Old King Cole was a jolly old soul," and that he was also a patron of music we have no doubt, for we learn that he employed three fiddlers to beguile his soul with their entrancing harmony. I blush to say, however, that he was not a teetotaller, for he was addicted to the pipe and the flowing bowl, which may, perhaps, account for his good spirits. He was rich, no doubt, for, to this day, every one interested in coal makes money fast. He may be called hard Cole, as he led a very convivial life, and when he is wound up you will see him smoke vigorously.

MOVEMENTS.—He places the pipe in his mouth, then takes it out, and rolls his eyes as if in great enjoyment.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the original Contraband, the cause and effect of much of the agitation of modern times. Being rather short, you may think "he is not a tall black," but he is an original Guinea negro, as he cost me a guinea in London at the World's Fair, where he was purchased. In a

state of slavery the original of this figure was dull, but on being made free he acquired a polish of manner which he communicated to boots and shoes at ten cents each. He is a fine musician, and can play the banjo to perfection. He served gallantly in the war as a sutler, and never was known to turn pale at the sight of danger. When wound up he will execute one of the war dances in which his nation exults over a fallen foe; it is known as "Jump Jim Crow."

MOVEMENT.—When wound up he dances grotesquely.

In the next group you behold the Babes in the Wood, who had the misfortune to have an uncle. This wicked man hired a villain to carry these babes away into the wood and leave them to wander until death put an end to their sorrow, and the little robins covered them up with leaves. These life-like figures represent the children just after taking their leaves of the villain. By a master stroke of genius the artist has shown very delicately that human nature is not utterly depraved, for the villain has placed in the hand of each of the innocents a dough-nut as a parting present. I have been often asked "why I did not have a figure of the villain also added to the group?" but my reply always is, "Villains are too common to be much of a curiosity."

Wind 'em up, John.

MOVEMENTS.—Each one offers to the other a bite of dough-nut alternately.

Here you behold Little Red Riding Hood, a model of grandfilial devotion, for she was so fond of her granny that she wandered through the forest to take the old lady's luncheon, and was eaten by the wolf for so doing, which is a warning to all children to be careful how they do much for their grandmothers, unless they are rich and can leave them something

in their wills. This personage was an especial favourite with children, who love to read about her, and shed tears over her unhappy fate, although some of them think that had she been as bright and well-read as her dress she would have been too smart to have mistaken the wolf for her grandmother, unless she had been a very homely old lady, or he had been better-looking than most wolves.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up she curtseys and holds out her basket.

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

This is one of the most expensive of my costly Collection, for blonde hair is very high, and you see how heavy and long are the golden locks which adorn her beautiful face. I cannot pass this figure without saying a few words in praise of the wonderful Hair-restorative, for this image had grown so bald from the effect of long journeys in the cars, that she was exhibited for two years as the Old Man of the Mountain. One bottle of the wonderful fluid, however, restored her hair to its present growth and beauty, and a little of the fluid being accidentally spilled upon the pine box in which the figure was carried, it immediately became an excellent Hair-trunk. For the truth of this story I refer you to John Phœnix, Esq., who knew all about it at the time.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up she applies the hair-restorative and curls her hair.

LITTLE BO-BEEP.

In this fascinating figure you observe the effect of yielding to the too common practice of afternoon naps, This young woman was a shepherdess, whose true name was Susan Norval, and she fed her father's sheep on the Grampian hills. Chancing one day to sit down to rest for a moment upon a

poppy-bed, she was so overcome by the drowsy fragrance as to be compelled to close her lovely eyes in sleep. When she awoke she was much alarmed to find that her flock of fleecy warblers had vanished. Determined to find them by hook or by crook she wandered away for miles, and finally gave up her search, and returned sadly home without them. Imagine her joy when, on reaching home disconsolate, she found her precious charges safely arrived before her, cutting mutton capers, but on closer inspection she found them tailless. She ordered some modern tales at once from a well-kown author, and, fastening them on, was the first retailer of mutton. The man who cut off their tails was the originator of mutton chops.

MOVEMENT.—When wound she opens her eyes and shuts them, and waves her crook, as if beckoning to her absent sheep.

MRS. JARLEY'S CLOSING SPEECH.

You have all gazed with rapture upon my wonderful Collection, and your bewildered senses may now prepare for a new sensation, as I am about to wind up all these beautiful and life-like figures at once, so you can see them all work together in harmony.

John, set all the Waxworks going.

I thank you for your attention and attendance, and cordially invite you all to come again to-morrow and see "Jarley's far-famed Waxworks."

MOVEMENTS.—All the figures being wound up at once go through their motions in unison, until curtain falls.

THE ANTIQUE CHAMBER

LATELY ADDED TO MRS. JARLEY'S FAR-FAMED WAXWORK SHOW.

MRS. JARLEY, having purchased eight costly Marble Statues, offers to her patrons among the "nobility and gentry" a sight of these classic models of the following mythological personages :—

JUPITER.—*Holds thunderbolt ; sits upon a white throne.*

JUNO.—*Sits by his side.*

BACCHUS.—*Sits upon a cask holding grapes.*

MINERVA.—*Wears a helmet and holds a teapot.*

APOLLO.—*Holds a lyre.*

HEBE.—*A young lady ; holds a vase or cup.*

MARS.—*A large man ; holds a shield and spear.*

CUPID.—*A small fat boy ; holds a bow and arrow.*

They are draped in white sheets, their arms are covered with stocking-legs, sewed to white cotton gloves, which cover their hands.

The properties which they hold are covered with white cloth, and their faces are chalked with lily white, put on dry.

Mrs. Jarley curtseys to audience, and speaks as follows :—

Having just purchased some Statues to add to my far-famed Waxwork Show, I have the honour to introduce to your notice this wonderful Collection of Antique Marbles, lately discovered

by an old gentleman called Pa Nassus, as he was feeding his father's flock on the steep sides of Mount Olympus.

These life-like figures are fac-similes of the distinguished personages whom they represent.

In the centre of the group you behold Jew Peter, the original old-clothes man, and founder of the fraternity of brokers. At an early age he narrowly escaped destruction by being eaten out of house and home by his rapacious father, from which sad fate he was saved by his mother, who concealed him in a cave in Crete, where he was sustained by a *cretur* of the goat species. He has many worshippers in modern times, who often are heard to call upon his name in the words "By Jupiter!" and "By Jove!" He holds thunderbolts in his right hand to show that he was the originator of the electric telegraph.

By his side sits his lovely Miss Juno, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and also of his thunderbolts, for which close and chemical affinity she is sometimes known as the oxide, and not, as many scholars have supposed, from the sheep's eyes cast at her during the progress of their early attachment.

The figure on her right represents a divinity now almost unknown to mankind, although he had many devotees until the Prohibitory Law abolished for ever the worship of Bacchus. The manner of this ceremony was probably as follows:—

The officiating priest stands behind a long altar or *bah*, as it was called in the ancient Hebrew tongue.

When the worshipper enters he makes his sacrifice by placing an obolus, or small coin, upon the altar or *bah*, then piously raises to his lips the libation, which is poured out by the attendant minister.

Minerva, the patron of spinsters, and consequently of wisdom. She holds in her right hand the greatest means of creating and disseminating information, the urn in which is brewed the famous Soavelah broth, signified by the mystic letter T

The power of this pernicious beverage upon the minds of her priestesses is so great, that when they are gathered in a sewing circle in her honour, the very first cup inspires in them a lively interest in the affairs of their neighbours. The second causes them to greatly magnify the facts, and the third inflames their imaginations so that the wildest calumnies are put in circulation.

Apollo, the patron of poets and *lyres*, which are not always united, however. He practised medicine with success at Delos, for which reason the duck is sacred to him as the first quack. He raised the walls of Troy, and thus brought down the house by his music. He was the sun of the universe and also of Jupiter.

Mars, the god of war and guardian of all good children who mind their ma's. His own son, however, gave him a good deal of trouble, for Cupid was always anxious to evade the watchfulness of Mars.

Hebe, the cup-bearer of Jove. As she was a young woman many critics have supposed her name to have been a *miss-print*, and that it should be read Shebe. Having broken too much crockery, like many a modern handmaid she was dismissed from service.

Cupid.—This little imp was sent into the world to mislead and torment mortals. Being blind he seldom sends his shafts properly, for

"Many a sad and wretched heart,
When wounded sore by Cupid's dart,
Finds out, *alas!* his lass not smitten,
Hymen's white kid a *worsted* mitten,
And many a *lass* must learn to know
Her beau ideal no ideal beau."

As you have patronised my Exhibition so well this evening,

contrary to my usual custom I shall wind up these ponderous marbles by means of a crank, and you will see them go through their motions in a very life-like manner.

MOVEMENTS.—As a handle at R. is turned, Jupiter shakes thunderbolts at Juno, who throws up her hands, Bacchus rocks on the cask and waves his grapes over his head, Minerva pours tea, Apollo strikes his lyre, Mars points his spear, Hebe passes the cup, Cupid aims with bow.

Mrs. Jarley curtseys low as

CURTAIN FALLS.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

CONTENTS OF PART II.

CHAMBER OF BEAUTY:—Opening Speech of Mrs. Jarley—Sleeping Beauty and the Prince—Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond—John Alden and Priscilla—Rebecca and Rowena—Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene—The Gracchi—Beatrice Cenci. CHAMBER OF HORRORS:—Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Medusa—Violante—Vampire—Father Time—Savage and his Flying Victim—Ruffian disarmed by a smile—Spoiled Child—Bearded Woman—Man Monkey. HISTORICAL CHAMBER:—Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Joan of Arc—Robin Hood—Alexander the Great—Robinson Crusoe—King Alfred—Diogenes—Man with the Iron Mask—Nero—King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. SHAKESPERIAN CHAMBER:—Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Lady Macbeth—Titania—Ophelia—Juliet—King Lear—Hermione—Richard III.

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED

COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS,

PART II.

AS ARRANGED BY

G. B. BARTLETT, OF CONCORD, MASS.,

AND PERFORMED BY AMATEURS UNDER HIS DIRECTION FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES IN MOST OF THE CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

With full Directions for their Arrangement, Positions, Movements, Costumes, and Properties.

THE CHAMBER OF BEAUTY.
THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.
THE HISTORICAL CHAMBER.
THE SHAKESPERIAN CHAMBER.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
T. HENRY FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
28, WEST 23RD STREET.

Descriptive Preface.

The great demand for the first volume of this popular Entertainment has caused the preparation of Part II., which contains an entirely new set of figures. The best way to exhibit them is in small collections or chambers, with a pause for music between, in case any of the same actors are required to appear again in a new part. Mrs. Jarley may be played by any lady of good voice and confidence. The descriptions are sometimes given by one of the assistants, while Mrs. Jarley attends to arranging and winding up the figures. Little Nell is also often introduced to assist her. Before the description of any figure, it should be brought forward by the two assistants, one of whom places little wedges to keep it upright, and the other pretends to adjust and oil the joints before winding up. After movement each figure is carried back to its position in the semi-circle at the back of the stage, and all are wound up together after the whole chamber has been separately exhibited, and all move in concert until the curtain falls. The noise of winding is made with a watchman's rattle, and a lively air should be played on the piano during the movement, an account of which will be found at the end of the description of each figure.

Characters, Costumes and Properties.

MRS. JARLEY.—*Black stuff dress with chintz tucket skirt, enormous bonnet, gaily trimmed, gaudy shawl; she has a fan and duster.*

JOHN *and* PETER.—*Two large men in livery with powdered hair; they have hammer, nails, screwdriver, and oil-can.*

THE CHAMBER OF BEAUTY.

CLEOPATRA.—*Yellow satin skirt, loose white waist, with gilt ornaments and jewels, crown and coin pendants; she holds a small snake in the right hand, and a large wax bead in the left.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—*Lovely girl in white satin, reclining on an elegant couch.*

THE PRINCE.—*Handsome velvet shape dress, hat and plume; he holds Beauty's hand.*

PRISCILLA.—*Grey dress, white kerchief, apron, and high cap; hand on spinning wheel.*

JOHN ALDEN.—*Dark Puritan dress, pointed collar.*

REBECCA.—*Dark lady with showy Oriental costume; holds casket.*

ROWENA.—*A blonde lady in wedding costume and veil.*

ALONZO THE BRAVE.—*Armour; face chalked very white.*

IMOGENE.—*Very rich dress with shoulder train.*

THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.—*A tall lady in white cotton statuesque costume; her right hand extended and her left encircling two boys also dressed in white.*

BEATRICE CENCI.—*Beautiful dark lady in white dress; head turned sideways as it is in the picture.*

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—*Dark-complexioned man in very shabby dress, with a hand-organ strapped across his shoulders.*

MEDUSA.—*Tall lady with very long dark hair much disordered, dress of white cotton drapery in Grecian style.*

VIOLANTE.—*Handsome silk dinner dress; she holds a huge mutton bone.*

VAMPIRE.—*Tall man in black costume with a fine handkerchief drawn tightly over the face to resemble a scull; holds a long dagger.*

TIME.—*Tall man in white tights, sheet drapery, white wig, and long beard; holds a scythe.*

SAVAGE.—*Dress of Indian Chief, with paint, feathers, and blanket.*

THE MAIDEN.—*Muslin apron, rustic hat and shawl.*

THE SPOILED CHILD.—*Very fleshy lady, showily dressed, seated on a large rag baby which lies on the chair.*

BEARDED WOMAN.—*Brilliant silk dress, long black beard.*

RUFFIAN.—*Large man; red shirt, ragged pants tucked in old boots; holds a club.*

THE SMILER.—*A very pretty lady in handsome walking dress.*

THE MAN MONKEY.—*Very foppish dress, white hat, cane, and eye-glass.*

THE HISTORICAL CHAMBER.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—*Spanish costume; holds telescope.*

JOAN OF ARC.—*White armour waist, red skirt, helmet; holds gridiron, steak, and fork.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—*Pointed fur cap, fur coat; holds umbrella.*

DIOGENES.—*Ragged cloak and hat; holds lantern and stands on tub.*

NERO.—*Rich Roman costume; holds violin.*

ROBIN HOOD.—*Green frock, sword belt, tights; holds a bow and quiver.*

ALEXANDER.—*Red robe trimmed with ermine; crown and sword.*

KING ALFRED.—*Purple robe trimmed with gilt lace; crown; has oat-cake.*

MAN WITH IRON MASK.—*Black suit with cape; black tight-fitting mask.*

KING COPHETUA.—*Rich shaped dress very showily trimmed.*

THE BEGGAR MAID.—*Very pretty girl in ragged calico dress.*

THE SHAKESPERIAN CHAMBER.

RICHARD No. 3.—*Suit of armour; holds sword; sits on a rocking horse.*

LADY MACBETH.—*Long loose white robe; holds candle.*

OPHELIA.—*White muslin dress covered with flowers; wreath in hand.*

LEAR.—*Ermine robe covered with patches; long white wig; holds staff.*

HERMIONE.—*Statuesque white drapery; white cotton wig.*

TITANIA.—*Lovely little girl; white gauze dress, spangled; holds wand.*

JULIET.—*White loose lawn dress; holds small phial.*

FOR MOTIONS, SEE NOTE AFTER EACH DESCRIPTION.

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED

COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS.

THE CHAMBER OF BEAUTY.

MRS. JARLEY'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: you here behold my far-famed Chamber of Beauty, which has fascinated the gaze of thousands, and caused millions of envious mortals to expire with jealousy, at the vain attempt to rival its peerless splendors. All other collections are base imitations of this, the only original chamber, to obtain beautiful fac-similes for which the entire civilized world has been scoured. We shall begin with Cleopatra, the beautiful Queen of the Nile, and the beloved of Marc Antony, whom she compelled to toe the mark. She holds in one hand the costly pearl, with which she preserved her beauty; and in the other, the deadly asp, with which she destroyed it. Having been endowed by nature with great personal charms, she spared no pains to preserve them. On one occasion she swallowed a massive pearl for this purpose, having first crushed it, which was the origin of pearl powder. She was a modest young female, and inspired the touching lines of Dr. Watts—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

The same poet goes on to tell of the *purl*, which she loved to quaff, as follows—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Her long life of unassuming usefulness was thus sadly brought to a close. The Emperor Cæsar attempted to seize her, and carry her off—but she said "she would die before she would forsake her Marc." She resolved to take her life as she was taken prisoner—but to many this would have seemed difficult, as she was closely watched. She was very cunning, and employed a seedy old Roman peasant called Rusticus, to bring her an asp in a basket of figs. This asp is a poisonous serpent, and its sting causes immediate death in the course of time. She bit herself with it and expired.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, Cleopatra places the asp against her neck with the left, and lifts the pearl to her lips with the right hand, continuing the motion twelve times, then suddenly stopping; after which she is lifted back to her place by the attendants.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE PRINCE.

You here behold a young woman of the name of Miss Ann S. Tethia, who was remarkable for her great powers of sleeping. So remarkable were her talents in this direction, that she has been known to fall asleep even in church. One day she was induced to take a dose of ether by the advice of a celebrated dentist, who advertised "teeth extracted with great pains." The ether not being strong enough, however, he was obliged to call in a celebrated doctor of divinity, the soporific effect of whose discourses no one was able to withstand. Under the combined influence of the two opiates, she fell asleep so soundly that the report of a cannon, and other gentle means, such as the report of her engagement, failed to rouse her, although the latter

will rouse almost any young lady. She was finally awakened by that most cheering of all stimulants, the kiss of love. A young Prince happened to pass that way in search of a silent partner, for his father's well-known firm of Prince & Co. On beholding her he was so struck by her quiet beauty that he fell in love with her at once. He was looking for a quiet wife; and, as she could not speak, he thought she would answer, and so asked her consent at once. He took her lily-white hand in his, and, raising it to his lips, imprinted upon it the kiss of true love, at which the young woman aroused, and hit him a rousing box on the ear, in a truly womanly manner. The Prince was so struck by this striking proof of her attachment, that he offered her his hand, which she took, and they were married, with great solemnity, by the aforesaid D.D., the fair bride taking three naps during the ceremony.

John, wind up the Beauty.

Movements.—The Prince lifts the hand to his lips; the Beauty slowly rises, and gives him a blow on the ear; the whole being repeated twelve times.

QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

This stately personage is Queen Eleanor, who, though surrounded with every luxury and grandeur, was far from being happy, as she was a prey to the green-eyed monster jealousy, which has undermined the happiness of many a woman, and in its ravages spares neither the palace of pomp or the humble hovel of obscurity. This interesting young woman by her side is the fair Rosamond, who was far from fair, as she used all her arts to win the affections of the King, who played his cards to please her, especially his best bower, as he built for her an ingenious labyrinth. Here he concealed his lovely Rose, in order that she might "blush unseen" from every eye, especially that of Eleanor, the queen of his kingdom, though not of his soul.

Jealousy is very searching, as you are probably aware, and the Queen sought everywhere for her rival. Finding her at length, with great good nature she offered her a choice of the dagger or the poisoned bowl. Observe the determined manner in which the Queen alternately offers her shrinking victim the deadly doses. Fair Rosamond, however, decidedly prefers life even to such a royal death. She is supposed to remark, "I would not die in spring-time," as she politely declines both queenly offers.

MOVEMENTS.—John winds up these two figures after having brought them to the front of the stage. Eleanor turns to Rosamond, offering in turn the bowl and the dagger, which she pushes away.

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

This beautiful group illustrates a touching event which occurred among the aborigines of North America, a small country in the unknown region of the New World. Miles Standish, a valiant captain of Plymouth, fell in love with the beautiful maiden Priscilla, and was very anxious to marry her. Being closely confined in camp, he had not time to court, so he requested his secretary, John Alden, to go and do his courting for him. John went much against his will, and did the best he could, considering that he was also in love with Priscilla. She, like a prudent woman, naturally preferred the present, and knowing that the absent captain was *Miles* away, she interrupted the urgent arguments which he was making in favour of his friend with the arch remark, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' John took her advice at once, and spoke so well that he became engaged to the fair maiden himself. The gallant captain was much enraged at this little episode, which he considered a breach of confidence, or rather a pair of breaches, as both had conspired to deceive him. But as he could not help

it, he concluded to forgive them, and to give them his blessing and a pewter platter to begin housekeeping with.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, Priscilla spins on the wheel and casts a loving glance at John Alden, who looks sheepishly at her and twirls his hat in his hand.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

You behold two types of contrasted beauty in these two lovely female figures, one very dark and the other very fair. Both fell in love with the same man, who made light of the feelings of the dark one. If he had been a true knight he would have preferred the dark, but he married the light one, and kept dark about it. Now Rebecca, the brunette, was a Jew and being made sick by the news of the marriage became a Jew ill, and acted like one, for instead of yielding to jealousy she was so noble as to forgive her rival, whose name was Rowena. As soon as she recovered, she took a casket which she did not require, having survived her illness. In this she packed all her jewels, and packed off to the house of Rowena. Kneeling at her feet she said she would give them all for a sight of the face that had won her true love away. Rebecca urged so strongly that Rowena showed her cheek, and took the jewels.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, Rebecca kneels and offers casket, which Rowena lifts her veil and accepts.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

The unfortunate fate of these tender lovers will always warn young ladies against yielding to the too common fault of fickleness. The fair Imogene had promised her lover to be true to him for ever. He was called away to war; and, being of an anxious temperament, begged his lady to give him

her promise never to forsake him. On the eve of his departure she went so far as to say that she would be true to his memory alive or dead, and actually swore, that, if ever she forgot his memory, his ghost should come and bear her away to a warmer clime. But lovers too often forget their promises; and, after Alonzo departed, Imogene began to flirt a little, "as was her nature to." Alonzo was killed in battle; and, like too many a widow, Imogene listened to the pleading of a great baron, and, as he was very rich, she promised him her heart and hand. The wedding day came, and the guests were assembled, when suddenly the ghost of Alonzo appeared between the bridal couple. The baron ran away in fear, and the ghost seized Imogene in his cold arms and bore her away down through the floor to—where I cannot tell.

In viewing this group, youug ladies must learn not to make any promises that they cannot keep, and to follow the good old maxim—

"To be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

John, wind up these figures very gently, as the machinery is very delicate, especially that of the Ghost.

[John sets them in motion.]

MOVEMENT.—The Ghost turns to Imogene and opens his arms, and she throws up her arms in terror.

THE GRACCHI.

You here behold the mother of the Gracchi and her two twins, each of whom is a great deal handsomer than the other. Their ma was a woman from Rome, N. Y., and consequently very high-minded, which a glance at her figure will establish beyond a doubt. She was very fond of her children and also of her money, which facts the following beautiful little historical legend will prove. When travelling in the East with her offspring, she was accosted by a philanthropic pedlar and was importuned to

purchase a package of prize candy, warranted to contain rich jewels and gold. The noble mother embracing her children, remarked with scorn, "These are my jewels!" and the boy went off much faster than his wares. This instance of devoted love and courage forms the only instance upon record of getting rid of a car pedlar without buying and getting sold!

MOVEMENT.—When wound, the Mother embraces her Children, who seem inclined to resent this testimony of her affection.

BEATRICE CENCI.

A young woman of Italian proclivities, about whom historians disagree. She was very beautiful, and so naturally very fond of admiration. She had acquired the habit of looking backward over her shoulder, to see if she were being admired, until her head grew so fixed in that position, that it could not be moved without turning her whole body: so she was considered very stiff-necked by her homely lady friends. Her picture was painted in this position by one of the old school-masters called Giddy, because his head was also turned by this young woman, whose face he painted, although she protested that she abhorred "paint!" As her head could not be turned back into its proper position, it was thought best to cut it off, which remedy was efficacious, but rather severe.

MOVEMENT.—When wound the attendants attempt to turn the head straight, but the body revolves with it.

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

MRS. JARLEY'S SPEECH.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." I quote these words from another great author as a gentle warning to the tender-hearted not to be too much overcome by the sights which they are about to see. In this compartment of my vast Collection you will find evidences of the weakness and sin of the world which will interest and admonish, while they entertain and amuse. To many this portion of my Waxworks is the most interesting, especially to clergymen and all others who take an interest in the errors of their fellow-creatures. I shall begin with a description of the most trying and disagreeable of all these sinners; the one who has caused Bible words to rise upon pious lips, and has bored the patient to excess. You will at once recognise my culminating horror in this disturber of domestic peace and destroyer of the placid slumber of old and young. Need I name—

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

"When Music, heavenly maid! was young," in a fit of indignation at humanity, she sent forth this monster to afflict her fellow-creatures, and gave him a roving commission to wander from house to house, bearing his instrument of torture. The wise organ-grinder has a keen sense, which enables him to discover the homes of the invalid and nervous, and a steadiness of purpose which keeps him firmly at his post until his silence is purchased, and he is bribed to move on to the next abode of suffering. The crowded streets of the city and secluded lanes of the quiet country are alike haunted by these disturbers of the public peace, who know so well the value of rest that they are determined to get a good price for it. In this specimen you

behold a celebrated wanderer, noted for his total disregard of time, tune, and harmony, who calmly bore his inharmonious music in the proud satisfaction of boring others. You would also see another monkey which used to accompany him, had he not died from want of melody and provisions.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up the organ is ground, and emits most discordant strains, and the Musician smiles, as if enjoying the music.

MEDUSA.

This figure represents a fabled monster of antiquity, who seldom combed her hair, which arranged itself in snaky tresses, and which had the wonderful power of turning all who beheld them into stone. She did very much mischief in this way, slaying many tender-hearted people, who became their own monuments immediately, and originated the idea of grave-stones. Very little is known of her, and that is not very good. She made others hard characters, however soft they might be before she beheld them. We can draw from her appearance a moral lesson of neatness, and I am also requested to state in this connection that the best dressing for the hair is the celebrated Kallisten, which renders the roughest locks soft and pliable—one bottle of which might have prevented all this trouble—price £1 per bottle, for sale at the door.

John, wind up this figure.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, Medusa shakes her head savagely, and salutes the audience with a stony gaze.

VIOLANTE.

Here is a moral lesson to the romantic, and will remind all not to try to appear better than they are. This is Miss Violante, a young lady of good family and great wealth, who was not contented with these substantial gifts of fortune, but aspired to a

reputation for poetry and romance. She knew that there are many poor poets, and therefore imagined that all poets were poor, and in order to appear romantic she pretended to have a most delicate appetite. When in company she would eat very sparingly of the most refined viands alone, in order to seem exquisite in her taste, and would go home from dinner parties in a half-famished condition. Then she would rush to the pantry and seize some substantial food and devour it with the utmost rapacity. A surprise was prepared for her by a treacherous servant, which exposed her greediness. The maid opened the window of the pantry to the gaze of a susceptible youth who had escorted the fair Violante from a refined banquet where she had been too fastidious to taste more than a few morsels. He was on the point of proposing for her hand, thinking it would cost little to keep such a dainty creature. One look upon his adorable sylph destroyed at once his budding love and hope. He beheld her holding a huge joint of cold meat in her lily-white hand, which she gnawed with her pearly teeth and eat with the ferocity of a tigress. All his dreams of economy were shattered, and he resolved never again to look upon the fair face of his deceiver. Away he rushed, while the unconscious Violante devoured her cold mutton with the avidity which her self-denial had intensified. This touching story has been exquisitely told in poetry by the great lyric poet Mother Goose.

Wind up Violante and let her devour.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, Violante gnaws the bone with great eagerness.

THE VAMPIRE.

In this hideous creation of German literature you behold another horrible effect of the desire for raw meat. The vampire is now very scarce indeed, and in order to procure this figure I was compelled to draw heavily on my banker and imagination.

He was a great lover of young people and used to suck their life-blood whenever he could kill any. His life continued for 200 years. Having no heart or circulation he was perfectly heartless and spared none except spare people. When his 200 years of life expired he must die, unless he could get the life-blood of a young person to drink and also be laid where the rays of a new moon could fall upon his body and give him a new lease of life. The whole story is probably all moonshine, but I purchased this figure in Germany as I wished my Collection to be as horrid as possible.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up the Vampire points up to the moon and to his mouth with the left hand as if hungry.

FATHER TIME.

It is useless to describe this figure, or to tell you what it is, for any of you are old enough to know how to tell Time. Many have asked how I came to put him into my Chamber of Horrors; I reply, in the words of the great comic poet, Thanny Toplis, "Time cuts down all, both great and small." Yes, Time is the great destroyer! How many of us have vainly hoped that we could kill Time, but Time always kills us all in time. Yet Time is a great comforter—it soothes our sorrows with its soothing syrup, and seasons life with its ever-changing months. In remembering the steady flight of Time, let us not forget the touching hymn—

"Life is a shad oh, how it flies!"

John, go and get the scythe. We leave it in the van for fear of accidents until the time of exhibiting the figure. Place the weapon in the hands of Time, wind him up, and let the audience behold his manner of mowing.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, Time mows faster and faster, then suddenly stops.

Oil him up, John. Time is getting old!

THE SAVAGE AND HIS FLYING VICTIM.

John, bring forth the Savage!

Here is a fierce North American Savage, christened by a native bard as Mr. Low, in the line "Lo, the poor Indian! And this specimen of the race deserves his title, for his tastes are very low, and his whole nature extremely blood-thirsty. The fair Maiden was walking in the woods in the pursuit of winter geen, one lovely summer day, to make some beer, when she came near finding her bier, in the manner which these curious conceited figures will exhibit in their actions.

John, bring forward the Maiden, and adjust the running gear.

When wound, the Maiden flies from the Savage, and gathering courage, she chases him back again. This movement she continued, until her lover, a bold trapper, who of course was near, came up behind and shot Mr. Low, who expired with great bravery, for full account of which see the Yellow Novels.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, the Maiden rushes forward five steps, the Savage follows her, then runs backward, and is pursued by the Maiden. This action is then repeated five times.

THE RUFFIAN DISARMED BY A SMILE.

You here behold a personage with which I hope none of you are familiar, as the race is now nearly extinct. This is a Ruffian, and one who, once upon a time—many hundred years ago—exerted considerable influence in the city government of an island called Man-hat-on, until the wise and good laws entirely suppressed him. He is introduced into this Collection in order to exemplify the power of gentleness over the roughest nature. The beautiful young lady by his side is an emblem of gentleness, and on one occasion she had the misfortune to offend the ruffian. He was about to strike her a heavy blow, but she

is saved—by what? A smile! With great presence of mind she turns her lovely countenance toward the hideous monster, and smiles her most winning smile. The hard heart is melted, the blow falls not, the uplifted arm descends, and she is saved. Success to smiles!—Wind them up.

MOVEMENT.—The Ruffian raises his club and is about to strike, the lady smiles, the arm falls powerless by his side.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

This set of figures illustrates a melancholy accident by which a charming family was brought to mourn the loss of a lovely innocent, through the carelessness of a maid servant. This servant was hired to take charge of the tender infant, the pride and hope of the family aforesaid, and she was carrying it in her arms and chanting a lullaby, to the soothing melody of which and Godfrey's cordial it had gradually sank into a profound slumber. In a thoughtless moment she gazes out of the window and beholds her lover, a noble policeman, gazing wistfully up to the window. Inspired by love she lays the infant enclosed in its blanket upon an easy chair and runs down to appoint an evening meeting with her faithful lover. Alas, at the opposite door a worthy aunt of the babe enters. The day is warm, overpowered by the heat, the heavy matron backs up to the easy chair, sits down, and the sleeping babe is spoiled. All its young hopes crushed by family cares.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, the Old Lady fans herself, rises and sits down.

THE BEARDED WOMAN.

In this singular freak of nature you distinguish the Bearded Woman; and you naturally say, "Which attribute of man will the usurping woman claim for her own next? They have tried to gain possession of the positions of honour, business, and

labour—so long considered the exclusive right of man—and now this personage has bearded the lion in his den, and assumed the hirsute adornments of whiskers and moustache." This specimen is copied from the actual Bearded Woman, who was a great living curiosity, and was carried about in a tent, year after year, and was the delight of little shavers, as well as of the aged greybeards. See the lovely contrast, as depicted here—the gentle beauty of the fair sex, ornamented with the strength and glory of manhood. Who can gaze unmoved upon the spectacle without also aspiring to be heir to such tender beauty? It is barbarous to envy the gifts of another, so we will wind up this figure, and carry her back out of the reach of inspiring this temptation.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, the figure combs out her beard.

THE MAN-MONKEY.

Here you behold a figure which is all too common in our midst, the wonderful union of a man and his ancestral monkey, that it is indeed hard to distinguish when the man begins and the monkey ends, if, indeed, it ends at all. Darwin says the monkey is a parent to us all, if not in us all; but in this dandified figure the descent seems to be very decidedly from the monkey. The common ape would blush to ape the manners of such as he, and would make a better figure in intelligent society. The monkey has been well described by a travelling naturalist in these words,—"The orang-outang lives on the top of the highest trees and picks nuts with his tail, which is his principal food." But the man monkey has not the good taste to keep out of sight, but walks the streets and stands at corners sucking his cane and squinting through his eye-glass at the ladies, of whom he is the disgust and horror, for which reason I have added this complete specimen to my chamber, and wish his whole race could be wound up as easily as he can be.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, he lifts his eye-glass and sucks
ne.

THE HISTORICAL CHAMBER.

MRS. JARLEY'S SPEECH.

MANY people have supposed that the mission of waxworks is only to amuse and to wile away the fleeting hour; far from it! We are inspired to quote from the works of Burke—commonly called the Sublime. In verse the twenty-third, chapter ninth, of his greatest work—the Odyssey—occur these words, "Wax figures elevates the mind, refines the taste, and cultivates the understanding." Yes my hearers! mark these last expressions! cultivates the understanding! for it is to this express purpose that the chamber which you now behold is devoted. In order to cultivate your understanding we have prepared, without regard to any expense, these life-like models of many personages notorious in history. each one of which will be illustrated and explained in such a manner as to instruct as well as interest. History should never be made dull. Parents and teachers are urgently requested to bring their tender charges to this show at reasonable charges, so that while the pupils of their dear eyes dilate with wonder and astonishment, their pupils' ideas may expand in a like manner, and their young hearts thrill with wonder as their minds gather wisdom day by day as it were from every passing figure.

We shall begin with the greatest discoverer of ancient times—except Paul Pry himself, *viz.*—

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

and by listening very attentively to the description of this figure, you will discover many facts that you never knew before—or any one else.

John bring out this figure very carefully, as it is very old. Now go and get his telescope and adjust it properly, while I proceed to describe him, giving many facts which I have learned from a very truthful historian, named Lieman.

Christopher Columbus was the son of his parents, who were very strict, and made him walk Spanish, to use an Americanism. He therefore took French leave and ran away to see what he could see. He came to Court and offered himself to Queen Isabella as a man who was fully capable of discovering America or any place she chose. His whole family were discoverers, his own name was Columbus, his oldest brother Omnibus discovered the coaches which bear his name and a great many passengers. His younger brother by accident discovered the Blunderbus, a firearm which still bears his name. The Queen was so much pleased with his modest account of his discovering powers that she furnished him with money for his journey. He set sail in the year 1492 in a schooner bound for Boston with a load of Spanish mackarel. Being troubled with head winds he was carried out of his course and landed at Cuba. Here he was received with great ceremony by the natives, as he had taken the precaution to send an ocean telegram in advance. The Chief advanced to the edge of the beach, tastefully consumed in a paper collar, and called out—"Whence comest thou?" A voice was heard in reply across the waves from the deck of the vessel —"I am Christopher Columbus, sent by the Queen of Spain to discover America." "Welcome, discoverer of America," said the savage, whose name was Samoset. He then travelled all over the United States, a journey of great danger, especially over the western railroads, and spent the night in twenty-three towns, all of which now bear his name. Upon his return he called upon the Queen, and presented her husband the King with a sugar cane, with which sweet present they were so much pleased, that their majesties invited him to make his home in the palace, and loaded him with riches and honours.

Wind up Christopher, and let him discover.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up he lifts the glass to his eye and looks through it.

JOAN OF ARC.

A zealous advocate of the rights of women, a brave soldier, and a heroine of the first water, whence she was called JO ANN OF ARK. She began life in the humble capacity of chamber-maid at an inn. Being of a restless temperament she used to dream singular dreams, in which she saw lights, angels, and other high livers, one of whom brought her a sword as a present and directed her to fight for her country. She placed herself at the head of the army, and as women always lead men, she succeeded finely, and liberated her country from the foreign foe. Being at last so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of her enemies she was burned at the stake. To justify this act of cruelty they pretended that she was a witch, as no common woman could have beaten them without assistance. It is a pity that many of the women who try to lead men and aspire to quit their natural sphere of labour, should not be able to take warning by her fate, though, perhaps, burning stakes are too warm punishments even for them.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, she turns over a steak on a gridiron.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE HERMIT AND PHILOSOPHER.

You here behold a personage who was thrown ashore on a desert island, and managed to get along in a most remarkable manner by the assistance of a ship, which had the good-nature to be wrecked just as often as he wished for anything. This ship seemed to be loaded with an assorted cargo of everything

on earth, which the wild waves washed up to his feet as often as he could think of any article which he needed. He had a man named Friday, who was not as unlucky as his name would seem to indicate, for he brought good luck to Robinson, and all his wood and water, too. In fact Friday appears to have done most of the work, leaving his master much leisure to moralise on the "footprints on the sands of time," and on many subjects of a like nature. He was visited on one occasion by a boat-load of savage cannibals, who invited him to occupy the chief place at a feast on the board! He sent his regrets, however, in the shape of a charge of buckshot, which the natives received with much regret. The only society he had was that of goats aud monkeys, which abound too much in most social gatherings. He first invented the umbrella, which would have been a good thing if not such a transitory possession.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, he opens and shuts his umbrella.

NERO.

A Roman Emperor—of very low tastes, a bold, bad man, of cruel and vicious habits. He was a great persecutor of the Early Christians, whom he tortured in many ways. Such as devouring them with wild beasts; covering them with tar, which he set on fire to illuminate his grounds, thus making light of their sufferings. In order to torment a great many at one time, who were not his prisoners, he learned to play on the violin, with which instrument of torture he delighted to torment his fellow-creatures. He was very fond of fires, as he held no insurance stock, and one day he set the city on fire, in order to gather a crowd of people together. He then mounted upon the roof of his palace shed, and poured forth such strains of music from his shrieking violin that the people stopped their ears, and went

away much faster than they came. In this figure you can see him as he stands, with his fiddle in his hands.

"His fire-eye in frenzy rolling,
Like a belle his bow controlling;
When all patience you may lose,
You would think the feline muse
Angry at her lost internal,
Sent from it these sounds infernal."

MOVEMENT.—When wound, he fiddles furiously, rolling his head from side to side.

DIOGENES.

This singular mortal lived in a tub of Greece, not because he was a fat man, but because he chose a tub to live in to save house rent, which was very high in Greece at the time. He was a cynic, which is a very disagreeable person, who goes about finding fault with his neighbours. He used to carry a lighted lantern in his hand; and, when people asked him for a reason for such light behaviour, he said that he was looking for an honest man. Greece must have been a very bad place indeed at that epoch. Diogenes ought to have gone among the brokers of New York and London, especially those who deal in gold and copper stocks, if he wanted to find honest men, proof against temptation and corruption of all sorts. Diogenes belongs to that very numerous class—the poor and proud, and was more proud of his rags than many rich men of their best clothes. This figure warns us never to criticise others, lest we may be found more at fault than those whose conduct we condemn.

Wind him up, John.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, Diogenes whirls round on his heel in the tub, and lifts up his lantern.

ROBIN HOOD.

A green youth, who inhabited the greenwood and lived in great simplicity for many years cultivating his sentimental tastes in the pursuit of his deer. During the time of innocence he was known as Robert, but his name was afterwards changed to Robin because he took to robbing all travellers who passed through the forest. He amassed much wealth in this manner. and a taste for high living gave place to his former simple habits He kept a celebrated cook whom he named Fryer John, on account of the skill with which he could fry pancakes, a favourite woodland delicacy. In this act Fryer John attained such skill that he could toss the cake in such a manner that it would turn in the air and come down into the griddle right side up with care. Robin Hood was celebrated for telling long stories, which were seldom accurate, and also for shooting with a bow six feet in length, so at last these two accomplishments became synonymous, and drawing the long bow denoted an extravagant statement. You here behold him in the act of shooting at a distant traveller for the purpose of robbing.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, he draws the bow and takes aim.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Celebrated for his enormous size, and also for the size he manifested upon the occasion of one of his greatest battles in which he had conquered all the neighbours. On the eve of this great victory, he was observed to be snivelling and rubbing his eyes with his battle-stained fists. His generals gathered around the weeping mourner, exclaiming with one accord, "Why weepest thou, Alexander the Great?—baby" (this last remark they uttered very low, however) Alexander sobbed out, "I weep because I have no more worlds to conquer!" This figure is here introduced to show the folly of ambition. Here is Alexander,

the conqueror of all the known world, weeping for new worlds, to conquer Now this is folly! He should have learned modesty from me. This famous Show has travelled all over the known world, delighting the hearts of all, conquering every criticism, and overcoming all obstacles, but I do not sit down and weep, but quietly travel over the same world, gathering sixpences and the golden opinions of all who have the honour to behold the stupendous Collection.

Wind up Alexander, and let him weep.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, Alexander rubs his eyes and weeps.

KING ALFRED.

This figure is introduced to teach the importance of one of the noblest arts ever learned by man, and one to which he owes his very living. I refer to the art of cooking, the most useful as well as the most difficult of all. Here you see Royalty himself engaged in this noble pursuit. This is King Alfred of Britain, who had the prosperity of his people so much at heart, that he was always willing to help even the humblest. One day he was passing the humble cottage of a poor peasant, when his kingly nose being as usual turned up, he perceived the order of fire. Rushing into the room his horror-struck eye beheld the oat-cake which was baking for supper in the act of burning. At the peril of his royal fingers he seized the flaming mass, dropped it into a pan of water, took up his royal sceptre again, and marched out with great dignity and a scorched thumb.

Wind him up, John, and get the cake.

MOVEMENT.—King Alfred drops the cake, which John keeps putting into his right hand.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

I can tell you very little about the person represented by this figure, because no one knows what was his name and whence he came. Many years ago two men, probably in the hardware line, brought this unfortunate person to a castle containing a gloomy dungeon, into which they thrust him, having first concealed his features with an iron mask. They would never reveal who he was or anything about him. He never spoke to the time of his death, or even afterwards, and conjecture alone can find a reason for his strange imprisonment. Some suppose that he was a prisoner of state, some that he had been crossed in love, and others think that he was so homely that he did not wish to be seen; but the mask was never lifted, and probably never will be.

When I wind the machinery, you see he still possesses a steel incognito.

MOVEMENT.—He shakes his head in a mysterious manner.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the bower." as has been well said by another, and this exhibition favours all sweet and tender ebullitions of refined sentiment. Who will now steel his or her heart against the little god of love who tries to steal it, when he sees by this lovely group that even Royalty bows before its gentle power, This King beheld this lovely maiden clad in the rags of poverty, but was so struck with her gentle beauty that he gladly laid his crown and fortune at her bare feet. She was overcome by this strong evidence of his attachment, but could not resist his offer when backed by such inducements, and she kindly consented to bestow upon him her fair though somewhat dirty hand, and for his sake to assume the responsibility of the kingdom and palace. See her lovely smile as she

coyly consents to become his Queen. Every true lover should seem a king in the eyes of a true maiden, and *vice versa*. I remember well when Mr. Jarley, the original proprietor of this exhibition, proposed to me—but private feeling must yield to public duty, and I refrain.

Wind them up, John.

MOVEMENT.—The King kneels and lifts her hand, the Maiden looks away coyly.

THE SHAKESPERIAN CHAMBER.

MRS. JARLEY'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This portion of my collection I never approach without a feeling of silent awe. These figures emanated from the brain of the Bard of Avon, one of the most popular of the modern poets. The first one which we shall exhibit to your wondering eyes is——

RICHARD No. 3,

who was devoted to number 1. He is represented on horseback, on account of his fondness for horseflesh, as he once offered his whole kingdom for one of these valuable animals.

He was fond of children, two of whom he put out of their misery when they were in prison. He was a brave soldier though afraid of ghosts, and very successful with the fair sex, though far from attractive in person.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up he waves his sword above his head, and rocks violently on the horse.

LADY MACBETH.

A lady of large body and mind, especially the former. She was very ambitious and spared no pains to carry out her plans, to insure the success of which she sacrificed her peace of mind, and several of her husband's relations. She was a good housekeeper, as she went about by night trying to keep things clean and in order; she was very neat, as a spot on her hands kept her awake. Like most strong-minded women, she had a very weak husband, and had great trouble in inducing him to obey all her instructions. She was not hospitable however, as she had a way of murdering her guests in order to advance the interests of her husband, which devotion to his interest was rather unfortunate for them. She holds a candle and seems to be looking for spots upon her hands, although her eyes are closed in sleep.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up she raises the candle and glides forward.

OPHELIA.

A fair maiden of Denmark who became crazy through disappointed love. Her lover had encouraged her to hope for love in a hamlet, and she learned that he was full of aspirations for a palace. She was so overcome by this discovery that she died of a broken heart, which, with the help of a broken bough, ended

her days. She was holding to the branch of a willow tree, trying to gain courage to drown herself, when the branch broke, and she fell into the brook over which it hung, catching a violent cold in the head, which hurried her to the grave. Just before her death she attempted a little business as a flower girl with fair success. Hamlet was overcome with sorrow at her early death, which manly grief he showed by fighting with her only brother at her grave to decide which was the greatest mourner. You see that she is kneeling and offering flowers to the passers by.

MOVEMENT.—When wound Ophelia kneels, and seems to be strewing flowers.

KING LEAR.

A model of female gratitude and devotion which possesses deep interest to all family groups.

King Lear had three daughters, two of whom were so cross to him, that they drove him out of house and home, so that he wandered a lunatic over the face of the earth. His youngest daughter Cordelia was so kind and gentle, that when she heard of her father's disappearance, she followed him and brought him back to reason by her loving tenderness. He was named Lear for the grimaces which he made when out of his head. Let all young ladies take warning from this figure, that a cross temper will destroy the happiness of even a palace, and nothing makes a man so mad as a fretting and discontented woman.

Wind him up, John, and let him leer.

HERMIONE.

A wonderful example of what a woman can do. This beautiful lady succeeded in holding her tongue, and keeping perfectly still for six weeks, an example of heroic self-denial never before attained by one of her sex. Her husband was gone to the war

and she was supposed to be dead, but in reality she was disguised as a statue of herself, and stood behind a curtain for hours so still, that the people did not suspect that she was alive, which is very strange, as some people have supposed my wonderful Wax Statuary to be alive, so closely does it copy nature. When her husband came home he was told of her death. Instead of looking for a successor he asked to see her statue, and expressed his love so warmly that the stone apparently melted and fell into his outstretched arms.

MOVEMENT.—When wound Hermione raises her arms and bends forward.

TITANIA.

A beautiful little sprite, the Queen of the Fairies. Her husband, Oberon, being angry with her, caused her to fall in love with a stupid clown, whom he had first adorned with the head of an ass. This story delicately shows that love often makes an ass of people, and that even an ass becomes an object of affection to those whom the little god of love blinds with his fatal arrow. So do not fail to learn wisdom from this fair product of the poet's brain. Young ladies, beware how you fall in love, lest the object of your affections may make an ass of himself. Nothing personal is meant, so do not rile, young gentlemen ; it would be impossible to make an ass of you, for nature has rendered it impossible by her original work. The eyes of the fair Titania were finally opened, and she was glad to return to the forgiving affection of her own lord.

MOVEMENT.—When wound, Titania waves her wand and dances lightly.

JULIET.

The loveliest of her sex, and the truest of womankind. Many men loved her, but she was faithful to her Romeo even to the death. In order to be united to her banished lord she

took a dose of morphine, and consented to be laid in the silent tomb. Here she was found by Romeo and her other lover from Paris, where they had a fight in which both were killed, so with the same dagger that her lover had used she slew herself and died in his company, the whole forming a tableaux of horror even for a tomb. As you now behold her she is just raising the sleeping potion to her lips: and the moral of the whole is, never take opiates, for if you wish to sleep well, you must rise with the lark and work hard all day long.

MOVEMENT.—When wound up, she raises the phial to her lips and yawns.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

Chinese Giant—Two-headed Girl—Sewing Woman—Mrs. Winslow—Captain Kidd—Victim—Mermaid—Maniac—Dwarf—Siamese Twins—Boy that stood on the Burning Deck—Blue Beard—Signorini Squallini—Jack Spratt—Mrs. Jack Spratt—Lord Byron—Childe Harold—Live Yankee—Old-fashioned Sewing Machine—Cannibal—Bachelor—Lady Love—Mother Goose—Little Bo-Peep—The Giggler—Old King Cole—The Contraband—Babes in the Wood—Fair One with Golden Locks.

To which is added the following novel collection of

ANTIQUE MARBLES.

Jupiter—Juno—Bacchus—Minerva—Apollo—Hebe—Mars and Cupid.

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED COLLECTION OF

WAXWORKS.

PART III.

BY

W. GURNEY BENHAM.

With full directions for their Arrangement, Positions, Movements, Costumes, and Properties.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
89. STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
28, WEST 23RD STREET.

PREFACE.

THERE is scarcely any form of amateur entertainment sc successful, so simple, and so generally suited to the requirements of amateur performers, as the representation of "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." Comparatively little dramatic knowledge is necessary, scenery and other elaborate accessories are dispensed with, no speaking is required, except from Mrs Jarley herself, and the audience is kept continuously amused and interested with but slight labour or effort on the part of the performers.

The most important essentials in a well-conducted representation are :— (1) An efficient Mrs. Jarley ; (2) effective costumes and careful make-up ; (3) a good light ; (4) adequate rehearsal.

Mrs. Jarley may be represented by a lady or gentleman, and the delivery of her speeches should be carefully studied beforehand, the various descriptions being committed to memory. Mrs. Jarley should have a very large poke bonnet, plentifully adorned with flowers ; an old-fashioned dress, with such suitable accessories as a bright shawl, white gloves, &c.; and she should carry a small basket containing her bottle and handkerchief. A large umbrella of the Gamp genus will be found most appropriate and convenient for pointing out the figures as they are described.

As to the costumes of the figures it is important that they should be bright and showy. In making up the faces, plenty of white powder may be used, with vivid patches of rouge upon the cheeks, the eyelashes and eyebrows being boldly touched up with well-defined pencilling. This will be found to give the general effect of waxwork.

Limelight is useful though not at all indispensable. Where footlights are not available, a sufficient number of lamps should be obtained to throw a strong light upon the stage.

In rehearsing it is important that the figures should go through their movements in costume, and the best method of representation is to show the waxworks in groups of from eight to twelve figures, or more, according to the size of the stage. On the curtain rising the figures are discovered, and each is described separately, and put through its movements after each

description. At rehearsal special pains should be taken to determine the exact position of each figure in the group, and they should be so arranged that all are seen when the curtain rises, whilst it is also important that the arrangement should be harmonious as to colour and general effect.

Mrs. Jarley should have two capable assistants, who should be in liveries, distinguishing them completely from the waxwork figures. They may, to increase the contrast, black their faces. They should be provided with small toy rattles, which will give the effect of winding; also with large oilcans, screwdrivers, mallets and feather brushes, with all of which amusing by-play may be improvised.

It is desirable that they should carry most of the figures forward before description. The figure should stand stiffly, keeping the eyes steadily fixed, and should be lifted under the arms. This should be carefully rehearsed. Before winding up, the arms may be worked up and down by the attendants, and the oilcan and screwdriver applied. The movements of each figure should commence and end with suitable pianoforte accompaniment, and this should be practised at rehearsal, so as to define the exact time and number of the "jerks" with which the movement is accomplished.

While the descriptions are all humorous, it is not necessary that all the figures should be ludicrous. On the contrary, it adds to the variety and enjoyment of the entertainment to introduce a few specimens which are free from burlesque. Between the groups singing or recitations should be given.

W G. Benham.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, & PROPERTIES.

Grace Darling.—Fisher girl's dress. Holds an oar which may either be brightly painted, or decorated with coloured paper . . . . . Page 9

Simple Simon.—Peaked cap, Tam-o'-Shanter, or charity school boy's cap. Hair brushed over forehead. Tight boy's jacket, or holland pinafore; knickerbockers, socks, and slippers . . . . . Page 9

Queen Elizabeth.—High headdress, crown, pearls, feathers, &c. Large frilled collar. Sumptuous Elizabethan robes, chains, &c. Sceptre in left hand. . . Page 10

Uncle Tom.—Negro with white woolly wig. White jacket and trousers and coloured waistcoat; bones . Page 11

Gipsy Queen.—Rich Oriental dress; holds cards in her hand. Dark complexion. Necklaces of coins, beads, &c. Page 12

Gipsy King.—Black wig, falling over eyes. Brigand hat and feather. Stained complexion and threatening expression. Loose coloured jacket, bright waistcoat and neckerchief. Corduroy breeches and bright stockings. Carries a large and heavy club . . . . . Page 12

Jack Horner.—Pointed paper cap; boy's modern knicker-bocker suit. Sits cross-legged and holds a large pie on his lap, with one hand in it, and a large plum attached to the thumb. He may be seated either on a table, or at the corner of the stage . . . . . Page 13

Shakespeare.—Bald head, light pointed beard, and curling moustaches. Elizabethan costume, from the breast of which appears a bottle labelled "Embrocation." In his right hand a large quill pen; and in his left, which may be resting on a pedestal, a long scroll of thick paper or cardboard . . . . . Page 13

Flora.—Wears a wreath of flowers on her head; loose white dress without sleeves, garlanded with flowers. In her right hand a cornucopia full of flowers. . . Page 14

Dr. Watts.—Long white curled wig. Black gown and white bands. White cotton gloves. In his right hand a large bumble bee on a piece of elastic; in the other an artificial flower . . . . . Page 15

John Bull.—High hat with broad brim. Swallow-tail coat.

White or flowered waistcoat; frilled shirt front; high collars; knee breeches and top-boots. Long purse in right hand, and heavy stick in the other . . . Page 16

Queen of Hearts.—Crown; white dress covered with red hearts, and trimmed with ermine. She stands at a table with pastry-board and rolling-pin before her Page 17

Knave of Hearts.—Black moustache. Red hat and feather. White tunic covered with red hearts. Red tights or stockings. A large bag hanging at his side. . Page 17

Ancient Mariner.—Sailor costume. White wig and beard. Wears black patch over one eye. Hanging round his neck a goose or other large bird. In his hand a cross-bow. Page 17

Miss Brooker.—Girl's short dress, with pinafore. Hair down. Holds large jar, with carving fork . Page 18

Robert Bruce.—Scotch costume or uniform. Holds a piece of elastic with large spider attached . . Page 19

Zadkiel.—Pointed white coat covered with cabalistic signs. White beard and wig. Long loose gown to his feet, with large sleeves. May be trimmed with fur or other material and covered richly with astronomical signs, cut from gold and silver and coloured paper. A large quill pen behind the ear, and old-fashioned spectacles . . . Page 20

Mr. Pickwick.—Bald head. Swallow-tail coat. White waistcoat, high boots, &c., as in illustrations . Page 21

Mrs. Bardell.—Large loose flowered dress, and white frilled cap, tied under chin. A bunch of heavy keys hanging from her waist. Apron . . . . Page 21

William Tell.—Large hat and feather. Coloured tunic with bugle by his side. Coloured tights. Bow and arrow, and apple . . . . . Page 22

Britannia.—White loose dress with bare arms and neck. Sash of red, white, and blue may be introduced. A high helmet. Trident and oval shield, the latter with a Union Jack painted on it or strained over it . . Page 22

Ally Sloper.—Make up from pictures. Bald head; receding forehead, large red nose; shabby swallow-tail coat; bright waistcoat; large tie; short trousers; small cotton gloves. Carries large gig umbrella . . Page 23

The Black Prince.—Complete suit of armour with sword and shield, all trimmed with black. Three black feathers in helmet. Very dark and forbidding face. A black representation of skull and crossbones may be introduced on his shield or breast plate . . . . Page 24

The Claimant.—Very stout man. Ordinary black modern coat; lay-down collar; large shirt front; light waistcoat and ordinary trousers. Holds a bottle labelled "*Anti-Fat*" . . . . . Page 25

Maiden All Forlorn.—Large straw hat, milk-maid's dress with pinafore. Sits on three-legged stool with head on her hand. Milk pail by her side. . . Page 26

Man all Tattered and Torn.—A battered high hat. Very ragged and shabby black frock coat buttoned to his chin; no collar or tie; a very short and tattered pair of trousers, and an old pair of boots. Stands behind the Maiden. Page 26

Henry VIII.—Very stout man. Large feathered hat, worn on one side. Short sandy beard, with whiskers and moustache. Rich velvet tunic, over which he wears a royal ermine trimmed cape. Several large gilded or brass chains upon his neck, from which hang six large gilded lockets. Black stockings and buckle shoes. Sword . Page 26

Aladdin.—Chinese straw hat with broad brim. Pig-tail. Gay tunic, coloured stockings, and large Chinese shoes. Holds a lamp in one hand and a coloured handkerchief in the other . . . . . Page 27

Penelope.—Classical drapery and headdress. Sits upon a low chair or stool with wool-work on her lap . Page 28

Guy Fawkes.—Brigand's hat and feather; black wig and beard; red nose and black patches about face; wears any disreputable or eccentric clothes, with a hump behind and before. Patches of straw here and there as if he were stuffed with it. May be seated on a small barrow covered with straw, and carried forward; a short clay pipe in his mouth. Large imitation match-box and match Page 29

Cinderella.—Wears her hair down; a pretty collarette; plain dress with white apron; holds a broom as if about to sweep. Page 29

William Rufus.—Very long red hair. Handsome coloured tunic, with chains round his neck. High boots. Wears sword or dagger, and carries bow and arrow; holds a toy bugle in his hand. A very huge arrow is represented as sticking neatly into his left side . . . Page 30

Deceased Mr. Jarley.—A high hat, slightly on one side; red nose, &c.; an ordinary black coat with bright flowered waistcoat, and gorgeous neck-tie. Ordinary light trousers. Holds a large glass which may be painted black inside to represent stout . . . . . Page 31

Jasper Packlemerton.—Swallow-tail coat. High hat on one side; light waistcoat; knee-breeches, and top-boots. Long black whiskers . . . . . Page 32

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

PART I. CONTAINS

Chamber of Beauty: Opening Speech of Mrs. Jarley—Sleeping Beauty and the Prince — Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond—John Alden and Priscilla—Rebecca and Rowena—Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene — The Gracchi — Beatrice Cenci. *Chamber of Horrors:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech — Medusa — Violante—Vampire—Father Time —Savage and his Flying Victim—Ruffian disarmed by a Smile—Spoiled Child—Bearded Woman—Man Monkey. *Historical Chamber:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Joan of Arc —Robin Hood—Alexander the Great —Robinson Crusoe—King Alfred—Diogenes—Man with the Iron Mask —Nero — King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. *Shakesperean Chamber:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech — Lady Macbeth — Titania — Ophelia — Juliet—King Lear — Hermione — Richard III.

PART II. CONTAINS

Little Nell — John and Peter— The Chinese Giant — Mrs. Jack Sprat — Two-headed Girl — Lord Byron — Sewing Woman — Childe Harold—Mrs. Winslow—The Live Yankee—Captain Kidd—The Old-fashioned Sewing Machine—Victim —The Cannibal—The Mermaid— The Bachelor—The Maniac—His Lady Love—The Siamese Twins— Mother Goose—The Boy that stood on the Burning Deck—Little Bo-Peep—The Giggler—The Dwarf— Old King Cole—Blue Beard—The Contraband—Signorina Squallini— Babes in the Wood—Jack Sprat— Little Red Riding Hood—Fair One with Golden Locks. *The Antique Chamber:* (lately added)—Models represented: Jupiter — Juno — Bacchus—Minerva—Apollo—Hebe —Mars—Cupid.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

OPENING SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I have the honour to show before you my bewildering collection of waxworks, which, though I say it which shouldn't, is, without exception, one of the most wonderful and atrocious sights to be seen in this mortal vale. I have shown them to all the crowned Kings of Eurip, Asia, Africa, America, and the adjoining countries. But this is the proudest moment of my life, for long has it been the hope and amputation of my existence to visit this pleasing city, so justly celebrated, all the world over, for the beauty, virtue, and wisdom of its inhabitants—but which I'm sure they far exceed anything which I had ever achieved. In fact this seems to be just the kind of place where I shouldn't mind settling down. For if anything could again induce me to enter into the bounds of holy matrimony, it would be one of those nice, handsome, single gentlemen, as appear to be so abundant in this charming town. I have added a number of fresh specimens to my collection especially for this evening's entertainment, and I shall give you the auto-geography of each stupengious marvel, separately for your inflammation. They will all go through their motions, when wound up, in a most natural manner, so much so that some persons have falsely supposed them to be endowed with sense, which I can assure you is not the case. In fact if any or lady or gentleman doubts my word, they may, as far as I am concerned, after the entertainment is over, run a pin into any of the figures that they may select for that privilege, on payment, to me, of half-a-crown each. But let that pass! The dresses, as you will observe, are all of the most scrumptuous description, and have been obtained quite disregardless of expense, being the original dresses worn by the characters themselves. Without any further preliminary illusions, I will at once commence my descriptions.

GRACE DARLING.

This young lady is Grace Darling, and I am proud to be able to relate that she belonged to the same ancient sex as Mrs. Jarley. She was a credit to it in every way, being one of the most distinguished women that ever walked this vale of sorrows. She was a very excellent sailor, which is more than I can say for myself, owing to which fact I have never attempted to emulate her remarkable example in going over the raging billows in the very roughest weather to rescue sea-sick seamen. She was, as you will observe, of a dark complexion, though she lived in a light-house. She used to go out rowing with her father, and on one occasion rescued a large number of unfortunate men, steering clear of the rocks and breakers as only a woman can. She was, as you will allow, particularly fortunate in possessing such a pleasing name, but as the great immortial bard humorously remarks:—

> What's in a name? A nose by any other name,
> Would smell equally well, if not better.

Grace Darling received many offers of marriage, notwithstanding the fact that it was well known that the man who rowed in the same boat with her would have to look out for squalls and stormy weather. Grace, however, never married, in which course of conduct, in my humble opinion, she showed her wisdom.

When wound up she will look for wrecks, which was her favourite occupation.

MOVEMENT:—On being wound up she raises her hand slowly and gracefully, bringing it over her eyes as if shading them. The movement is repeated several times.

SIMPLE SIMON.

To all who love simplicity of character this next figure will be of sympathetic interest. This deserving youth is Simple Simon, who was the orphan son of poor but honest parients. As his name Simon might seem to imply he was a fisherman, and was so enthusiastically devoted to the noble sport that he used to take his rod and line and fish for hours in his mother's pail in the hopes of catching a whale. The result was that he *did* catch it, for his stern parient arriving suddenly on the scene, and discovering him in the act, he went away wailing in real

earnest, and soon had a plentiful amount of blubber to dispose of, besides several wales which he carried upon his back. But let that pass! Although he was named Simple Simon, his memorials, as handed down to us in unpresuming poetry, prove that he was not by any means such a fool as he looked, for in spite of his early age, we are informed that he attempted the confidence trick upon a local pieman, in a way which clearly showed that he knew pretty well what he was about. His efforts with the pieman were not altogether successful, but the attempt thus made, whilst in the beardless flower of youth, showed promise of a great career before him, which was afterwards duly justified, for Simple Simon became famous in his twenty-fifth year for embezzling £1,989 from his confiding employers, the whole of which he squandered in billiards, upon the turf, and was consequentially sentenced to penal servitude for life, to be followed by five years at an Industrial School.

When wound up you will see him fishing for the whale.

Movement:—He several times raises the hook from the pail to close in front of his eyes, as if examining it to see if a fish were on it,—maintaining all the time a very vacant smile.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

This figure is Good Queen Bess, who ruled over this land of law and liberty for a long period of years. She was called Good Queen Bess because she was one of the *bess—t* Queens of that name that ruled during her glorious reign. Unlike most women, she was fond of having her own way, and also had a rather strong temper. She was devoted to her people as a Queen ought to be, and she was specially partial to a gentleman who was the Earl of Essex, and whom she much preferred to the various foreign monarchs and other individuals who conspired to her royal hand, thus showing her good taste. The King of Spain was so jealous that he at length sent over several ship loads of his invincible Spanish Armaders. Britannia, however, ruled the waves so well that the Armaders were all safely drowned in the Arctic Pelago of Biscay. Elizabeth used to box the ears of some of her principal statesmen, a plan which I should certainly introduce again if I were the Queen of these favoured Isles at the present moment, for I could name several statesmen that I have no patience with, and which I should very much like to have a chance of chastising

in that summary manner. But let that pass! Elizabeth upon one occasion gave Lord Essex a ring off her royal finger, telling him that if ever he wanted anything very particklar he was to send her the ring and if possible she would let him have what he wanted by return of post. When the unfortunate nobleman was condemned to die, he sent her the ring from prison with his kind love. But unfortunately he entrusted it to a lady who put it in her pocket and forgot all about it until too late, the result being that Lord Essex lost his head whilst the Queen lost her temper. The morril of which pleasing anecdote is that when you are sending valuables of this kind, you should always be sure to send them by registered post, which is a cheaper and safer plan in the end than entrusting them to lady friends.

When wound up you will see her as she appeared when boxing the Prime Minister's ears.

MOVEMENT:—When wound up she lifts her right hand several times, hitting out with it energetically each time.

UNCLE TOM.

Here you behold in this defecting and, I hope, truly repulsive image, the lifelike and beautiful representation of a man and a brother, or more accuratiously speaking, a man and an uncle, for this, as it is almost artificial for me to observe, is the speaking family likeness of the celebrated Uncle Tom. He was, as you may readily guess, a negro, and he was unfortunately sold to a very hard-hearted monster, by his noble-minded owner, who, like most deserving people, was very badly in want of money. These were the clothes which he wore when he was sold to his second cruel and wicked master for £20, and I think you will allow that the coat and waistcoat were alone worth the money, not to mention the massive gold watch-chain which he wore. He was a man of great originality of character and used to beguile the midnight hours with animated musical performances, which I regret to say did not have charms to soothe the salvage beasts, for his master and mistress had him somewhat severely chastised in consequence, to the injury of his general health. I am unable to mention the name of the vessel on which his celebrated cabin was situated, but I am quite sure that anyone havin' the misfortune to cross the ragin' billers, and desiring

not to be swindled more than necessary, could not have done better than take their berths in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

When wound up he will give a brief but fascinating performance on his favourite musical instrument. Peter, wind him up. John, fetch the bones.

MOVEMENT:—When wound up he plays some popular air on the bones, to the pianoforte accompaniment, jerking his head whilst doing so.

THE GIPSY KING AND QUEEN.

This is Mrs. Matilda Muggins, the renownded gipsy queen which made her fortune by telling other people's, and more especially servant girls, whom she used to provide with military husbands in large numbers and at very moderate prices. Her benevolent conduct and surprising talons had their reward, for her many charms and abilities attracted the attention of Murphy Muggins the great gipsy king, [whose astonishingly lifelike image stands beside her]. He accordingly married her and made her a partaker of his caravan and throne. But as you are all aware "Uneasy lies the head as wears a crownd." I lament to say that the conduct of her royal husband was not at all what it should have been. He took to the flowing bowl, and frequently assaulted his Matilda with his oaken sceptre [which you will observe in his right hand]. Eventually, however, he was hanged at the gallows for horse stealing He was consoled in his last moments by the soothing and pleasing reflection that his wife had often told him that she thought by the general cast of his features he would perish upon the scaffold. After his death Matilda reigned over the gipsies with great success, also carrying on the fortune-telling business to the satisfaction of a numerous circle of aristocratic clients, including most of the ladysmaids and upper servants of the West End of London. She ended her honourable career at the comparatively advanced and untimely age of ninety-one, much to the regret of the whole gipsy tribe, by whom she was much esteemed and beloved for her amiable and crafty disposition.

When wound up she will tell fortunes by means of the cards in her hand [whilst her tyrannical husband will threaten her with his oaken sceptre].

MOVEMENT:—She raises the cards in her left hand and takes one out with her right, afterwards replacing it.

N.B. In case the Gipsy King is not introduced the Gipsy Queen may be described separately, the parts in brackets [] being omitted.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

The next figure represents a celebrated personage, Little Jack Horner, who is the hero of a beautiful poem, which it would be quite supercilious for me to recite, even if it were needful. By burglariously entering his father's pantry, Little Jack Horner became possessed of the Christmas pie which you see in his lap. His remarkable character was afterwards well illustrated by the subsequential proceedings. Some children, under such circumstances, would have given way to unbecoming haughtiness, and boasted of their possession to their brothers and sisters. Others would have foolishly offered to share the toothsome morsel with their friends and companions. But Little Jack Horner, with a modesty and prudence which were worthy of a Lord High Chanticleer, retired far from the madding scrouge, into a quiet corner, where he devoured his treasure in peaceful solitude. That he had an easy conscience is proved by the fact that having cleverly substracted, with his thumb, the finest plum in the whole tempting dish, he rejoiced in his own virtue saying "What a good boy am I!"—a beautiful exertion of virtue which I only wish all the gentlemen present could equally declare. But let that pass! Upon being discovered in this position by his anxious parient, he was chastised and sent to bed, but his noble papa did not fail to recognise the genius of his infant prodigy, and which he exclaimed, with the proud commotion standing in his eyes, that he knew that his boy had an illustrious career before him. Which was fulfilled, for he was several times Lord Mayor of London, besides being director of numerous mining companies.

MOVEMENT:—He brings his thumb from the pie with a large plum attached to it, and raises it to his mouth, repeating the motion several times.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here you gaze upon the poetic features of the immortia bard, one of the most celebrated littery characters of the age. He was of respectable not to say aristocratic birth, his father

being a butcher, which accounts for the large amount of murder and butchery which there is in his poems. Like many other littery persons, Shakespeare was fond of poaching and got himself into trouble with the police authorities, in consequence of which he went from bad to worse, and finally sank to the lowest depths of degradation, namely the writing of poetry. He afterwards somewhat retrieved his fallen character by taking to the theatrical profession, which is, of course, a high and honourable calling, though it is less artistic, elevating, and entertaining than waxworks. Shakespeare was a voluminious and terrific writer, and his knowledge of history showed that he would have been worthy to be a teacher in a Board school. As a play writer Shakespeare was fully equal to any of the novelists of the present day. I should have liked to quote an act or two from some of his more important plays, such as the "School for Scandal" and "Our Boys," but "Tempus fidgets" and I must, therefore, let that pass, contenting myself with merely repeating those well-known lines:—

> To be or not to be that is the question
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,
> The stings and harrows of outrageous rheumatism
> Or to procure a bottle of Parkinson's Embrocation,
> A most useful preparation,
> For external application,
> And there's the rub!

Which I may add that this embrocation, so favourably alluded to by the bard, may be obtained at this exhibition price thirteenpence the bottle.

When wound up you will see the immortial poet writing one of his inimitable sonnets, and his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, according to his habit as always represented in his photographs.

MOVEMENT:—Writes furiously, rolling his eyes vigorously at the audience.

FLORA.

Bring forward Flora. Peter, fill her cornucopiator and adjust it.

This charming female lady is the Goddess Flora, who was celebrated for her knowledge of bottiny and florile decorations She was of Romish origin, being the pattern saint of gardeners

and nurserymen, and also of flowery speakers and poets, many of whom have written most affecting compositions in her honour. She was worshipped to a considerable extent by the ancient heathens, who, like the heathens of the present day, were much struck with the sight of beauty. She was presented by one of the deities with the acceptable gift of perpetual loveliness, which is a treasure possessed by apparently few ladies at the present time. She used to walk about in all weathers in the flowery meads, dressed as you observe her in the image before you, and carrying the agricultural implement which you notice in her right hand, commonly known as the cornucopiator. From this she used to strew the ground about her with beautiful flowers and plants and other green-grocery. When wound up you will see her scattering some of her favourite flowers upon the floor; in consequence of which she is called the Goddess Floorer.

MOVEMENT:—She scatters flowers with her left hand from the cornucopia.

DR. WATTS.

Peter, bring forward Dr. Watts and the Buzzy Bee.

This is the eminent poet Dr. Watts, the celebrated author of the nursery rhymes which have done so much to beguile the hours of childhood. He was also the talented inventor of the steam engine and other ingenious artifices. When not engaged in composing his interesting dramatic poems, he used to fill up his leisure moments in the study of natural history. You will see in his hand the representation of his celebrated buzzy bee, to which he was much attached. You will all recollect the well-known and simple lines:—

How doth the buzzy little bee
Reprove each shining hour,
And keep on tippling all the day
From every opening flower.

In his left hand you will observe the opening flower, which is a particularly beautiful work of art. He was a great opponent of the obnoctial system of muzzling and tying up dogs, for he remarked in truly stirring accents :—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite
It is their nature to ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight—
For they've got no work to do !

He was also an advocate of early rising, and it is needless for me to quote his familiar elegy:—

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
It's no use your calling, so don't call again;
It's no use your knocking, you won't make me hear,
For to-morrow'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year.

This figure has been obtained at great expense, and is an exact representation of the Doctor as he appeared in the pulpit.

When wound up you will see the bee fly in a most natural manner to the opening flower. Peter, wind them up and oil the bee's tail.

MOVEMENT:—The bee is brought round several times to the flower and is danced up and down on it each time.

JOHN BULL.

This gentleman is the notorious John Bull, and he is one of the costliest and heaviest objects in my extensive collection. I have not been able to discover exactly what part of the country he comes from or what he does for a living, but I have gleaned that he is a most ill-used and insufferable individual, and has gone through a great deal of trouble of various kinds. He has a very large and troublesome family, and he has always been the favourite victim of swindlers of all kinds. You may see by his furrowed brow and bald head that he has had many a struggle with adversity. But in spite of all his trials and vexations of spirit, he has been constantly letting out his waistcoats for several generations and has had his pockets enlarged a great many times. He is, in fact, celebrated for the great depth of his pockets. In his right hand he holds his wonderful magic purse, with which he is in the habit of paying his taxes. He keeps an excellent table, and it is said that he has never been known on any single occasion to grumble about anything whatsomever, his disposition being extremely sweet and amiable. I am also glad to state upon the authority of all the leading English historians, that he is quite insensible to flattery, and has no temper or pride whatever, nor any other weaknesses of any sort congealed in his manly bosom.

MOVEMENT:—He lifts a very long purse full of coins and shakes it several times, thumping the ground emphatically with his stick after each shake.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, AND THE FELONIOUS KNAVE.

This noble lady is the Queen of Hearts, who set a very admirable example to her subjects by not disdaining the honourable and economical practice of making her own pastry. You see in the group before you she is engaged in the pleasing occupation of making tarts, and we are told in the simple elegy which records her domestic virtues that she did not neglect her household duties on account of the weather, for it is expressly related that in spite of its being a summer's day, she was notwithstanding industerously engaged in her culiniary pursuits. Unfortunately her attendants were of a greedy and dishonest temperament, more especially the Felonious Knave of Hearts, whose lifelike and nefarious image stands by her at the table. He was in the habit of substracting the pastry, and inserting it into the capacious pocket by his side. The gentle Queen, upon discovering her loss, went and told her sad but tartless tale to her sovereign lord, who, in a way that did him credit as a husband and the father of a family, at once vowed that he would have his revenge, and bring the traitorous villin to contributory justice. Conventually the Knave discovered that the stern arm of the law was one too many for him. By the untiring exertions of the King he was discovered in his burglarious declivities, and was sentenced to a severe flagiolation, without the option of a fine.

When wound up you will perceive him in the act of purloaning the pastry in a most premeditatory and barefaced manner, the moral of which is that honesty is the best police, and that co-operation is the thief of time.

MOVEMENT:—The Queen rolls out pastry, whilst the Knave places several tarts in a bag by his side, dropping one of them, which is immediately seized and devoured by one of the attendants.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Bring forward the Marrioner. This somewhat aged veteran, ladies and gentlemen, is a fine and characteristic example of the British Tar. He was a very distinguished sailor, and upon one occasion, when there was no food left on board, he shot a very large and ferocious bird, named the Albert Horse,

thus saving the whole ship's crew from starvation, and also from having to eat him, which they would otherwise have been reluctantly compelled to do. He was consequentially rewarded by the Admirable Office with a pension, whereupon he accordingly lived to a very advanced and unnatural old age. He used to eke out his precocious livelihood by walking about the streets with a large stuffed bird round his neck, representing the Albert Horse. He was specially gifted, like most sailors, at telling long and singular yarns, and could keep on for an unlimited time. The unwary passer-by who happened to be stopped by him soon discovered that there was no possible way of getting rid of him short of presenting him with a substantial sum for the favour of his taking his adoo. You will observe that he possesses a particularly glittering eye, which is celebrated in his very interesting memorials written by S. Coleridge, Esquire. He formerly had two eyes, but the other was unfortunately lost at the Bombardment of Alexandria, where he greatly extinguished himself.

In his left hand he holds the deadly weppin with which he shot the Albert Horse, and when wound up you will see how he took aim with his glittering eye.

MOVEMENT:—He raises the cross-bow and points it in different directions, winking at intervals with his eye.

CRUEL MISS BROOKER.

This is the wicked Miss Brooker, a cruel young lady whose family was one of the highest in the land, but whose conduct was by no means to correspond. She was sent by her indulgent parients to a very respectable boarding school where she learnt all the extras, and no luxuries were grudged. But unfortunately she spent her pocket money, which was of a highly liberal description, in pernicious novelettes and other sensational literatoor, including the *Police Gazette* and the *Weekly Records of Crime and Burglary*. This had such a deleteriorating effect upon her young and unsophisticatious mind, that she achieved the barbarous idea of poisoning all her relatives and friends. So upon going home for her Eastern holidays, she asked her fond mamma to give an evening party. Amongst the many toothsome dishes at the sumptuous banquet was a massive jar of potted shrimps, into which this blood-

thirsty young lady had inserted a large quantity of Jollop's Patent Rat Poison. The excellence of this remarkable preparation, which may be had at this show in eighteenpenny bottles, was soon manifestoed. Her grandfather and grandmother were the first to succumb, after which her father and mother, her eight brothers and sisters, two maiden aunts who had both left her their enormous fortunes, and no less than eighteen invited guests, expired in excruciating agonies, their screams being heard seventeen miles off. Amongst the victims was a gallant and guileless young man, of great personal beauty, who had just been dancing with her, and had proposed her his hand and heart in marriage. The only person who was left to tell the harrowing tale was the jobbing gardener, who had been specially hired in for the occasion as waiter. Miss Brooker afterwards confessed her guilt, and was sentenced to be hanged, which took place in the presence of an enormous crowd, whom she moved to tears by the pathetic and thrilling way in which she warned them to avoid all works of fiction and police news reports, as also the somewhat uncommon offence of giving too much pocket money to their orfspring.

When wound up you will see her as she appeared when holding up the deadly potted shrimps to her unfortunate and infatuated lovier.

MOVEMENT:—She produces the fork from the bottle with a large shrimp at the end of it, and holds it up.

ROBERT BRUCE.

This is the unexceptionably brave and warlike Bruce, who was ruler of Scotland for many years, and performed deeds of daring worthy of a Wellington or a William the Conqueror. Once, after being defeated in a most humiliating manner for the sixth time, by the overpowering hordes of mercenary foes, he endeavoured to drown his sorrows at a country inn, where they paid more attention to comfort than to cleanliness or cobwebs. He was gazing with mingled horror and curiosity at one of those nasty crawling insects of spiders, which was building its gossamer nest in the corner of the apartment. Six times did the obnoxious reptile attempt its cunning task, and then, just as the noble monnick was about to ring the bell for the chambermaid to remove it with a dustpan and a pair of

tongs, he observed it once more commencing to spin its loathsome threads. To his surprise he noticed that the venomous reptile had at length succeeded in its objectionable object. Whereupon he at once felt that he heard the prophetic voice of his mother's uncle whispering in his left ear, and saying in the familiar words of Shakespeare :—

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, again.

He at once girded up his martial cloak around him, and without so much as even waiting to pay his bill, set forth upon the path of glory, the result being that he vanquished his proud foes in the most single and remarkable manner.

When wound up you will observe him watching the spider, which was ever afterwards his favourite insect.

MOVEMENT :—He lifts a large spider attached to a thread until it dangles before his eyes, when he watches it for a few seconds and brings it down again. Repeat several times.

ZADKIEL.

This figure represents the great prophet Zadkiel engaged in his philosophical and scientific pursuits. Like many amateur prophets in private life he is apt to take a somewhat gloomy view of the future, and supplies earthquakes, wars, floods, assassinations, and other disasters, at a very reasonable rate, besides being particularly good at foretelling that the weather will have a tendency to be warm in the summer, and will probably get cooler during the winter months. He has not only prophesied everything which has happened during the last half-century, but a great deal more besides. Like other prophetic souls he has received but little honour in his own ungrateful country, and in spite of having regularly foretold the downfall of every Government for many years, he has never been rewarded with a pension, or even a peerage, in spite of his advanced years and many services. The bottle which you will observe modestly peeping from his pocket contains the familiar spirit which he was frequently in the habit of consulting. Behind his ear is the eagle's feather with which he writes his celebrated almanacks and the Book of Fate, with other profitable works. In his left hand you will perceive hi

patent magic telescope with which he is accustomed to gaze into futurity.

When wound up he will perform an incantation.

MOVEMENT :—Whilst winding up, one of the attendants lights a small coloured fire in the bowl before him, and Zadkiel waves his wand in the smoke several times.

MR. PICKWICK AND MRS. BARDELL.

Here is a group, ladies and gentlemen, which will solicit the sympathies of all right-minded women, more especially widders. I appeal with confidential hope to the enlightened world for sympathy for this poor persecuted and ill-treated female. I do not deny, ladies and gentlemen,—far be it from me, a poor weak and wayward woman, to deny—that Mr. Pickwick was a man of deeply cultivated intellect, and of gigantic brains. I can sympathise with him on account of his hair falling off at the back somewhat freely, and also on account of his being subject to wear spectacles, as you will see in the vivid and natural representation before you. I also admire him for going forth into the wide world in search of littery pursuits, being a littery person myself, as you are of course aware. There can be no doubt, I believe, that his masterly essay on the Tittlebat Question is unrivalled as a lucid complication of that important and obscure subject. But that was no reason why he should trifle with the affections of a poor and deserving widder, such as Mrs. Bardell, and I maintain and always shall, to the last drop of my heart's core, that it served him quite right being doomed to pay such substantiated damages, for playing fast and loose with her sensitive breast. Mrs. Bardell was a faithful and honest landlady to Mr. Pickwick, and that he reciprocicated her attentions was clearly shown by those tender epistles which he wrote her, referring in terms, not to be misunderstood, to such delicate matters as tomato sauce and warming pans. But let that pass! There are, I fear, many such gay deceivers about as Mr. Pickwick, and the morril of this touching group is that widders should beware of such lodgers, who are proof against their affectionate and womanly solitude. Wherefore I say to all my female auditresses, "Beware of men in general and elderly bachelors in particular," for :—

Love is a thing of a man's life a part,
'Tis women's board and lodging.

MOVEMENT:—Mrs. Bardell falls into Mr. Pickwick's arms, who pats her on the back in a soothing way. Repeated several times.

WILLIAM TELL.

This noble figure is the celebrated Swiss archer William Tell, who was ordered by a tyrannical Austrian General named Guzzler, to go down on his knees in the mud to the Austrian cap which the aforesaid Guzzler had set up in the market place. Whereupon Mr. Tell's proud spirit rebelled within his independent bosom, and he said that sooner than bow down to a hat he would eat his own. The flinty-bosomed Guzzler immediately ordered him to take his bow and arrow and shoot an apple off the devoted head of his innocent son. Knowing that his boy was a thorough block-head, and also of a head-strong disposition, William Tell did not fear to attempt the 'arrowing task, and he hit the apple in the very centre amid the loud applauses of the audience. Whereupon he produced a second arrow and offered to repeat the interesting experiment upon General Guzzler himself. The iraskable officer, foaming over at the mouth with disappointed reciprocity, loaded him with heavy chains, and ordered him to be removed to a dungeon cell. Whilst he was being conveyed in a boat to the desolate fortress, a storm arose upon the lake, whereupon the noble Tell kindly undertook to steer the boat. With a cunning worthy of a great Statesman—whose name I need not mention—he ran the vessel upon a rock and jumped out into the niche of time, after which he shot the policeman in the boat and became the saviour of his country from the yoke of the depressing Guzzler, whom he hanged up in chains from the giddy heights of Mount Blank. You will observe upon the point of his arrow a beautiful fac-similar of the apple which he shot off his son's head.

MOVEMENT:—He has a very diminutive bow and arrow, with a huge apple at the end of the latter. When wound up he draws the bow, stamping one foot each time he does so.

BRITANNIA.

The sight of this magnificent figure will cause proud and patriotic emotions to arise in the breasts of those who happen

to be given that way. Each true lovier of his country will rise up from his feet, and exclaim in passionate accents,

England, with all thy rates and taxes,
I love thee still.

The origins of this young lady are well congealed in the hazy shades of mythology, and she is therefore a supernatural individual. Her parients were no doubt very extinguished persons, and she had a sister named Erin, with whom, however, she has never agreed particularly well, owing to incompatibility of temper. But let that pass! The poet tells us, in well-known lines :—

Britannia needs no Bull Fights,
Her home is on the deep,
Her address is on the mounting waves,
And you don't catch a weasel asleep!

Her principal occupation is ruling the waves, which she does with the Mastiff Triton, which you will observe in her right hand. She also uses it occasionally for prodding up the British Lion, which is her property, and which is given a good deal to slumbering. She lets him loose on her friends and neighbours when they mis-behave themselves. In her left hand is her shield, which is covered with the flag that has braved a thousand years the battles and the breezes, but which, as you will observe, is in very good condition, notwithstanding being in fact as good as new. The object of her wearing the mastiff head-dress which you see, is, as you will probably guess, to keep her head warm, as she is very much given to sitting about, in all weathers, on rocks and other exposed places.

When wound up she will rule the waves with her Mastiff Triton.

Movement :—She moves the trident in front of her with a wave-like action to the air of "Rule Britannia," turning her head slowly round whilst doing so.

ALLY SLOPER.

You will immediately recognise, in this figure, the familiar features of that great writer, orator, statesman, poet, and patriot, Ally Sloper. He is a deep-red man as you will observe

by his nose. All great genius has its little eccentricities, and his have developed themselves in the shape of the remarkable umbrella, which he is in the habit of carrying out with him in all weathers and seasons, and which has this advantage about it, that it would not tempt the many prowling thieves who go about in search of umbrellas. It is also not likely to be taken in mistake for somebody else's, as occasionally happens. It is understood that he has generously left his umbrella, as an heir-loom to the British Museum. The one which he holds in his hand in this speaking model, is an exact fac-similar of the original article.

When wound up you will see him, as he appeared on the platform of Exeter Hall, disclaiming upon the extreme importance of total abstinence to all grown-up children and married spinsters. His speech made such a great impression upon the orgience that he had at last to be forcibly removed by the police, and was the next morning fined £2 10s. at Covent Garden, whereupon he wrote his celebrated pamphlet upon the Abusive Liberty of the Subject.

MOVEMENT :—Waves his umbrella wildly as if declaiming.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

You will recognise this imposing and majestic figure as the Black Prince. He was a great warrior, and obtained his name of Black Prince at an early age, in the Royal nursery, owing to his always having black eyes, given him by his five brothers who were also of a warm and warlike disposition. He afterwards, as you will observe, indulged in black armour, which was suitable to his martial and gloomy demeanour and fierce expression of countenance, which you will observe has been reproduced with consuming skill by my talented artist. His warlike disposition was illusterated in the Siege of Paris, when he took the Emperor Napoleon prisoner, and brought him back in triumph to the ancestral walls of Windsor Castle, where it is related that he treated him with the most flattering attention, standing behind him at meals with a napkin, and watching every mouthful he took, thereby no doubt making him feel very comfortable and happy. Amongst the many people whom this noble and regal prince slew in the course of his chequered and illusterated career, was a noble monnick

whose arms he cut off, using them ever afterwards as the Prince of Wales's feathers.

MOVEMENT:—He goes through several passes with his sword.

THE CLAIMANT.

Here you perceive one of the greatest men of the present age, the much-injured claimant, Sir Roger Tichborne, Baronite, who was shut up in prison for many long years owing to his endevouring to get an honest living by claiming somebody else's estates. His career was one of adventure and romance, and more especially romance. The celebrated trial in which he claimed the estates of his distinguished and pious ancestors, lasted for quite a superhuman epoch, which was a very severe trial indeed for all who were engaged in it. This poor persecuted nobleman failed in his praiseworthy intentions of obtaining a living, and was sentenced to penal servitude for burglaring himself. He bore the frowns of fortune with exemplary meekness, and served his time in a way which showed that he was a nobleman born. His experience forcibly illusterates how perfidious and barefaced are the ways of the law, For whilst he was emerged into a convict dungeon, for merely claiming his paternal acres, them lawyers themselves are constantly swallowing up their fellow creatures' estates, and instead of getting punished they get paid for their trouble. This injured innocent was the object of much popular sympathy, for his aristocratic features and portly form gained for him many enthugiastic admirers. His talents, which were of no mean order, were successfully illusterated in the genteel sport of pigeon shooting, of which he was a princely patron, showing that though he missed his mark his aims were good.

His somewhat excessive waist caused him some trouble, more especially as Sir Roger's portraits before leaving England were of a lean description. He therefore endeavoured to work it off by taking some of Mealy and Miffin's celebrated Anti-Fat Mixture, and when wound up you will observe him taking a dose of that exhilarating and nutritive delicacy, after which he will give the true and unmistakable Tichborne smile, whereby his mother recognised him. The Anti-Fat may be had of the attendants.

MOVEMENT :—Raises bottle to his lips, brings it down again and smiles very broadly. Repeat.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN, AND THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

This group represents the maiden all forlorn and likewise the man all tattered and torn, two historical characters of whom we know comparatively next to nothing at all. But all that we do know fortunately abounds to their credit. Their strange eventful history is mixed up in a curious manner with the life of a house-builder of the unpretentious name of Jack, who it appears was also interested in the malting business. The young lady was a milkmaid, but why she was all forlorn, poor young thing, is more than I can say, seeing that she had not even known what it was to be married, let alone being a widder. It has been shrewdly sermonised by some that she was melancholy on account of her favourite cat having been worried by the maltster's dog, owing to its not being either muzzled or led. But I think when you gaze upon the figure of her lovier you will agree with me, that the cause of her anguidge was more probably owing to her young man not being in the most flourishing of circumstances, as you will observe by the somewhat dilapidated condition of his wardrobes. However with the true womanly forbearance of her sects, she took care not to refuse him on that account, and they were accordingly married and lived happily ever afterwards, though it took her a deal of time darning and patching her husband's garments.

In the group before you the young man is about to imprint a kiss of true love on her brow, and you will see the maidenly way in which she receives this delicate attention.

MOVEMENT :—The man stoops from behind to kiss her and she turns round and boxes his ear.

HENRY VIII.

This a is remarkably majestic and touching representation of that celebrated monnick King Henry the Eighth, who, as you may imagine by his appearance, filled the throne in a way that few of his predecessors before or since have been able to. On account of his being of a very matrimonial disposition, he was declared by his majesty the Pope of Rome to be an infidel and a heretic and was consequently solemnly exterminated by that distinguished personage. In return for this favour, the

monnick, who had been appointed to the honorary office of Defender of the Faith, took charge of about a thousand abbeys, monasteries and convents. But let that pass! You will observe that in the figure before you he wears six mastiff gold lockets, containing the representations of the six wives of his spacious bosom, as you will perceive he was a very handsome monnick which made him irresistible to the fair sex. He had about five hundred servants, and from my limited experience in keeping only one, I should think they brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb. His principal favourite was Lord Wolseley, who as you are aware has survived him, in spite of the many battles he has been through.

When wound up the monnick will count up his wives and widders upon his fingers.

MOVEMENT:—He counts up to six several times on his fingers, and the last time goes on counting furiously, at which Mrs. Jarley has the machinery stopped, and explains that he occasionally makes a slight mistake, "owing to the confusing number of his many spouses."

ALADDIN.

This figure is particularly full of instruction and warning to young people, and shows the necessity of providing Board Schools and compulsory education. Aladdin was allowed to run loose about the streets, never having passed any standard. His mother was a highly respectable Chinese widder, but he was a perfect plague to her, on account of his shocking mischieviousness. One day, as he was walking about the streets, playing at tip-cat, and marbles, and other obnoxious and obstructious games, a magician, who happened to have strolled in from the neighbouring parish of Africa, suddenly folds his arms round Aladdin's waist and exclaims with tears in his eyes that it is his long lost nephew. This perfigious villin, who was well known to the police as a ruffianly individual, he sends Aladdin down the underground railway to get a magic lamp. Aladdin got the lamp, but being a sharp boy he says, "Let me out first and you shall have the lamp, but I ain't going to be left alone in the dark." Whereupon the magician he uses the most vindictive language, and shut up poor Aladdin in those internal regions. The intelligent and precarious

boy had had considerable experience in getting out of scrapes, and he got home all right with the lamp. On polishing it up with his mamma's handkerchief, a large number of black servants popped up through trap doors in the floor and did all they was required, without ever hinting at a rise in wages. Having determined to settle down and turn over a new leaf, Aladdin married the daughter of the Insulting, and built her a beautiful palace. His irreprehensible uncle, however, managed to impose upon Mrs. Aladdin, senior, who was unacquainted with the deceitfulness of man, her husband having been killed a few months after they were married. She changed away the magic lamp on account of its unpleasant smell, and the magician played high jinks with Aladdin's palace. Aladdin, however, was one too many for him, and shortly afterwards poisoned him, subsequently becoming the Emperor of China, thus showing that all boys, by being persevering and kind and honest and turning over a new leaf, can always keep themselves out of the workhouse by the exercises of genius.

MOVEMENT:—He polishes up the lamp very violently, stopping suddenly when the music ceases.

PENELOPE.

This is the wife of the great African explorer Ulysses. Her husband being away on his travels a number of odious men persecuted her with proposals of marriage, remarking that he had been swallowed up by crocodiles. She put them off by the artful subterfuge of informing them that she was making a pair of slippers for her respected grandparient, and could not marry anyone until the last stitch was achieved. She used to keep at her wool-work all day long, having no doubt a very agreeable time of it, while her many admirers took it in turns to hold the skeins of wool. At night she used to sit up industerously undoing all the work she had done during the day. By this simple and inexpensive pastime, she avoided a prosecution for bigamy, and after a few years, when her husband came home and turned the young men out of the house, she finished the slippers, in peace, for her patient and aged relative. To all ladies who have absent spouses, her industerous and intelligent conduct should at once be a warning and an example,

a warning not to put the banns up without a burial certificate and an example not to hastily dismiss any eligible young men of a matrimonial turn, but to keep them hanging around in case they should be wanted.

When wound up she will engage in the pleasing and useful artifice of wool-work.

MOVEMENT:—Brings the needle and wool several times to the work and back again.

GUY FAWKES.

This somewhat uncomplimentary figure represents the renownded Guy Fawkes, a gentleman whose liniments will be familiar to you all, from the numerous edgifys of him which you have seen on various occasions. He was not, as you will perceive, a strikingly handsome man, but after all beauty is but a little faded flower, and handsome is as handsome does. Guy Fawkes on one occasion attempted to blow up Parliament, and as far as a weak woman can judge they probably deserved it, for I've no patience with an Institooshun where they use such desperate strong language, and keep such outrageous bad hours, besides wasting the public time over a lot of irreprehensible speeches and squandering the rates and taxes in a manner quite shocking to behold. It is high time that Women's Sufferings was passed to put a stop to all such nonsense. But, ladies and gentlemen, *let* that pass! Guy Fawkes failed in his noble enterprise, owing to his attempting to strike one of Bryant and May's Patent Safety Matches upon the wrong box. He was accordingly walked about the streets on a small hand-barrow, with a pipe in his mouth, and finally burnt alive in a bonfire with a great display of fireworks, at the public expense.

When wound up you will see him vainly endeavouring to strike one of these useful Patent Safety Matches, which are consequently invaluable in families.

MOVEMENT:—He strikes at a very large match-box with a piece of wood, and shakes his head after each attempt.

CINDERELLA.

As a model emblem of all that a woman of the female gender ought to be, Cinderella is altogether unequalled in the

whole ranges of ancient and modern historical literature. She was descended of illustrious pedigree, but she had the bad luck to have a step-mother and two step-sisters, who were puffed up with sinful pride, and treated her in a way which it was shameful to behold, making her do all the scrubbing, and washing, and darning the socks, with such like derogatory and de-menial offices, whilst they flaunted about in silks and satins, at balls, evening parties, theatres, and other gay haunts of frivoling dissipation. Cinderella had a fairy godmother, who did a great many more things for her than is generally the case, for she provided her with fine clothes, carriages, and horses, and an invitation to the Royal ball, telling her, however, that she must be home by twelve o'clock, a very sensible admonition, for that is a time, in my opinion, when every man and woman ought to be safe at home, and not staying out at their clubs. Her beautiful demeanour and fine clothes attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, who danced every dance with her, besides taking her down to supper. Unfortunately she forgot her godmother's advice and so she lost her gorgeous apparels and had to walk home in the slush. The fairy had presented her with a pair of glass slippers, which must have been very convenient and comfortable to dance in, especially as they had a habit of coming off. She dropped one of these remarkable slippers at the ball, and by this means all came right in the end, for her name and address were thereby discovered, and she was married in grand style to his Royal Highness.

The moral of her simple narrative is not to be home late at night, for "Early to bed and early to rise is the way to catch all the worms and the flies."

MOVEMENT :—She sweeps the floor with a broom.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

This is William Rufus, the celebrated king, who was so called on account of his magnificent auburn locks which you will observe hanging about his kingly brow in luxorious profusion. He was a devoted patron of the sportive science of fox-hunting, and spent most of his time in that engrossing pursuit. You will see that he holds in his hand his hunting horn, with the kingly blast of which he used to summon his gay

retainers. In his side is the deadly and fatal arrow which terminated his promising career. He was boldly pursuing the ferocious fox to his secret lair in the depths of a gloomy forest when a traitorous villin shot him in the heart. When wound up you will see him summoning his attendants to hear his last words. In this age of School Board education it would be superfluminious for me to recapitulate the principal events of this noble monnick's glorious reign. You will see by his princely liniments that he was every inch a king, and I think I may sum up his honourable career in the words of the immortial poet Laureate :—

> He was a man, take him for all in all
> We shall not like to look on him again !

MOVEMENT :—He blows the horn several times.

THE DECEASED MR. JARLEY.

I must now ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to kindly excuse my emotion. This expressive figure is the counterpane resentment of my lost Jarley (sobs). He was the originator and sole proprietor of these waxworks, which are now carried on by his widder, who has added extensively to the collection (sobs). But let that pass ! You will see by his mastiff brow and eagle eye, that he was a genius of the deepest dye, as well as a man of soaring and elevated dispogition (sobs). Although of noble birth, and princely origin, he preferred to abandon the glittering mazes and dazzling splendours of rank and fashion, and nobly devoted himself to the pursuit of the peaceful and popular art and science of waxworks, whereby he conferred untold blessings upon his suffering fellow creatures, and left his sorrowing widder with an honourable and old-established business to console her for his loss (sobs). The waistcoat he has on is the very one he was married in (sobs).

When wound up he will raise his hospitable glass to his lips—which was his favourite occupation.

MOVEMENT :—Raises glass to his lips as if giving a toast, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

JASPER PACKLEMERTON.

(This description is taken almost entirely from Charles Dickens.)

This, ladies and gentlemen, is Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet, when they was calmly slumbering in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. He was watched through a crack in the door by his infant prodigy, who consequentially, with filial devotion, brought his pa to justice and the gallows. On being led to the scaffold and asked if he was sorry for what he had done, he said, yes, he was sorry for having let 'em off so easy, and he hoped all Christian husbands would pardon him the offence, and take pattern by his example. Let this be a warning to all young ladies to be par*tickler*—as to the character of the gentlemen of their choice. Observe that his fingers is curled as if in the act of tickling and when wound up you will perceive a wink in his left eye as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders.

MOVEMENT:—He moves his fingers rapidly as if tickling, and winks at intervals.

MRS. JARLEY'S

FAR-FAMED COLLECTION OF

WAXWORKS

AND

STATUARY.

PART IV.

BY

W. GURNEY BENHAM.

With full directions for Arrangement, Positions, Movements, Costumes, Properties, &c.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER:
26, WEST 22ND STREET.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

Mrs. Jarley—Little Nell—John and Peter—The Chinese Giant—Mrs. Jack Sprat—Two-headed Girl—Lord Byron—Sewing Woman—Childe Harold—Mrs. Winslow—The Live Yankee—Captain Kidd—The Old-fashioned Sewing Machine—Victim—The Cannibal—The Mermaid—The Bachelor—The Maniac—His Lady-love—The Siamese Twins—Mother Goose—The Boy that stood on the Burning Deck—Little Bo-Peep—The Giggler—The Dwarf—Old King Cole—Blue Beard—The Contraband—Signorina Squallini—Babes in the Wood—Jack Sprat—Little Red Riding Hood—Fair One with Golden Locks. *The Antique Chamber* (lately added): Models represented: Jupiter—Juno—Bacchus—Minerva—Apollo—Hebe—Mars—Cupid.

PART II.

Chamber of Beauty: Opening Speech of Mrs. Jarley—Sleeping Beauty and the Prince—Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond—John Alden and Priscilla—Rebecca and Rowena—Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene—The Gracchi—Beatrice Cenci. *Chamber of Horrors:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Medusa—Violante—Vampire—Father Time—Savage and his Flying Victim—Ruffian disarmed by a Smile—Spoiled Child—Bearded Woman—Man Monkey. *Historical Chamber:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Joan of Arc—Robin Hood—Alexander the Great—Robinson Crusoe—King Alfred—Diogenes—Man with the Iron Mask—Nero—King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. *Shakespearian Chamber:* Mrs. Jarley's Speech—Lady Macbeth—Titania—Ophelia—Juliet—King Lear—Hermione—Richard III.

PART III.

Grace Darling—Simple Simon—Queen Elizabeth—Uncle Tom—Gipsy Queen—Gipsy King—Jack Horner—Shakespeare—Flora—Dr. Watts—John Bull—Queen of Hearts—Knave of Hearts—Ancient Mariner—Miss Brooker—Robert Bruce—Zadkiel—Mr. Pickwick—Mrs. Bardell—William Tell—Britannia—Ally Sloper—The Black Prince—The Claimant—Maiden all Forlorn—Man all Tattered and Torn—Henry VIII.—Aladdin—Penelope—Guy Fawkes—Cinderella—William Rufus—Deceased Mr. Jarley—Jasper Packlemerton.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the representation of "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" involves comparatively little dramatic knowledge or ability, and is certain of success if undertaken with care by ordinarily intelligent performers, it is necessary to point out that a considerable amount of rehearsal is very desirable to make the effect really satisfactory. At rehearsals the performers should remain perfectly still and go through their various movements, carefully regulated by pianoforte accompaniment, in exactly the same way as at the performance itself. The descriptions should also be rehearsed in order that the figures may be prepared for what will be said concerning them, and that they may know the length of time during which it is necessary that they should remain motionless. Special pains should be taken to determine the exact position of each figure in the group, as a great deal depends upon the general effect of the stage when the curtain rises. If possible all the figures should be in sight of the audience and account should be taken of the colours of the costumes, that the general effect may be harmonious and pleasing.

With regard to statuary, which cannot well be moved forward, it will be found that very often one side of the stage is not visible to advantage to the whole of the audience. To remedy this it is well to drop the curtain and to let the figures rapidly change places, so that all may be seen in turn. These effects should all be rehearsed.

Considerable amusement may be occasioned by the fall of the figures at critical moments, and such falls should be prearranged and practised.

John and Peter may make a good deal of fun by means of by-play with the figures, turning them the wrong way, giving them the wrong properties, polishing and painting their faces before the audience, &c.

Between the groups singing or recitations may be introduced.

W. GURNEY BENHAM.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, AND PROPERTIES.

Little Nell.—Short girl's dress; hair down back; slippers. Holds a pointed wand . . . . . Page 12

The May Queen.—White dress; floral wreath; dress garlanded with flowers; in right hand a floral sceptre; sits in a bower of flowers and evergreens . . . Page 12

Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer.—Modern dress; long hair, loose; holds brush and hand mirror . . . Page 13

Old Mother Hubbard.—Pointed red hat; grey wig; old-fashioned dress; red petticoat; buckle shoes; carries a basket . . . . . Page 13

Mother Hubbard's Dog.—Dog's head mask and skin dress; pipe in left hand; may be seated on small stool . Page 13

Buffalo Bill.—Large American felt hat; long black wig, moustache, and imperial; a leather jacket and bright coloured or striped vest; revolvers, &c., round waist; corduroy breeches and gaiters; holds a gun. Page 14

The Queen was in the Parlour.—Crown; ermine-trimmed robes; a table with plate and large jar labelled "Honey." Page 15

The Cat and the Fiddle.—Cat's mask and skin dress; stands upright holding fiddle . . . . . Page 15

Humpty Dumpty.—A large egg-shaped stuffed white bag with buttons in front and coloured sash and necktie; the head consists of mask with hat on, fastened to bag; the whole standing on a wall which may be a screen with paper painted to represent brickwork; a boy or girl holds the figure from behind showing hands and arms with white sleeves on each side . . . Page 16

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.—Two small boys resembling each other, with arms over each other's shoulders; tight scarlet jackets and calico trousers, well padded; large white collars with "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" printed on them; red and white cricket caps; each holds a wooden revolving rattle. The figures are lifted forward together . . . . . Page 16

* *Liberty.*—High spiked crown (or cap of liberty if preferred); hair loose; classical drapery; holds a torch in right hand and scroll in the other . . . Page 17

* *Justice.*—Hair loose and bandage over eyes; classical drapery; in right hand a Grecian sword and a pair of beam scales in left . . . . . Page 17

* *Elaine.*—Hair loose and white drapery; sits in reclining position, bending over a shield which is covered with drapery . . . . . Page 18

* *Rip Van Winkle.*—Long hair and beard; broad brimmed high-crowned straw hat; large loose collar; tattered jacket, breeches, and stockings; seated on stump of tree or three-legged stool . . . . . Page 18

* *Girton Graduate.*—Mortarboard cap, and gown black or scarlet, with collegiate hood; holds a scroll Page 18

* *Titania.*—White dress, with flowers; crown; reclines on sloping bank covered with evergreens, flowers, &c. Page 19

* *Puck.*—Erect wig; close fitting tunic and tights, with flowers wreathed; wings . . . . Page 19

Maid Marian.—Hair loose; velvet cap and feather; green dress, braided with red; bow and arrows; bugle hung round neck is held in right hand . . Page 19

† *The Cruel Butcher.*—Butcher's blue apron; jacket; red beard and wig; holds a large knife in right hand. A lamb made of jointed cardboard, or otherwise, with a blue ribbon round its neck, should be let down from above by string . . . . . Page 20

† *The Miser.*—Grey hair; livid face and dirty chin: old ragged clothes; sits at a table covered with coins . Page 21

† *The Cruel Nursemaid.*—Mob cap; bib and apron; print dress; sits on chair with a cradle on each side of her. Page 22

† *Bloodthirsty Bull-Fighter.*—Feathered cap; black wig and moustache; white cambric shirt, and loose coloured jacket; loose red neckerchief; coloured silk breeches and stockings; dagger; buckle shoes . . . . . Page 23

† *The American Scarecrow.*—Tall knocked-in hat; ragged coat with stars; striped calico trousers; straw stuffing at feet, armholes, &c.; old cigar end in mouth; Yankee beard; in right hand an old stove-brush; in left an old can full of stones . . . . . Page 23

† *Jack Sheppard.*—Close-cropped wig; 18th century coat, plain and dingy; bare neck and white loose shirt; knee breeches; stockings; buckle shoes; hands and feet chained; seated on coarse wooden chair or bench. Page 24

† *The Nobleman's Daughter.*—Old-fashioned silk or ordinary dress; holds large hair-pin in right hand and missionary box in left . . . . . Page 24

† *Skipping Girl.*—Sun bonnet and ordinary modern girl's dress; holds skipping rope . . . . . Page 25

† *The Japanese Conjuror.*—Japanese wig; loose flowered gown with large sleeves; hilt of a scimitar (which may be made of cardboard) protruding from front of dress, and blade fixed at back . . . . . Page 26

† *The Gipsy who Kidnapped a School.*—Long black hair, loose; rich coloured loose Oriental dress, with chains, &c., or old bonnet and cloak . . . . . Page 27

Miss Muffet.—Poke bonnet; short dress; sits on stool with basin and spoon. A large spider should be let down from roof . . . . . Page 27

Pygmalion.—Light classical tunic and tights, with cloak; mallet and sculptor's chisel; flowing dark wig. Page 28

* *Galatea.*—White classical drapery; whitened hair and face; stands on white pedestal; chips of stone in fold of dress. Page 28

Mary the Milkmaid.—Sun bonnet; print dress, with bib and apron; bare neck and arms; carries milking-pail under left arm, and red handkerchief in right hand Page 28

Dick Whittington.—Brown cap and feather; brown tunic and tights; carries a cat under left arm, and is discovered

kneeling on one knee. A box painted as a milestone may be placed near . . . . . Page 29

† *Shylock.*—Grey wig and beard ; loose dark gaberdine, tied round with plain cord ; carries knife in right hand, and scales and old slipper in left . . . Page 30

---

* These figures may be introduced as statues ; their faces, arms, hair, wigs, &c., being whitened, and all dresses and properties white, pedestals being formed of boxes, covered with calico. Terra-cotta figures may be made by colouring faces, dresses, &c., with terra-cotta colour.

† These figures may be grouped together as a Chamber of Horrors.

DIRECTIONS.

MRS. JARLEY.—Mrs. Jarley's part may be played by gentleman or lady. She should have large bonnet, or cap ; old fashioned dress ; bright shawl ; basket ; bottle ; bright handkerchief, and "Gamp" umbrella. Mrs. Jarley may be seated at a table in front of the curtain, and at the side of the stage.

PETER AND JOHN.—The two assistants may be made up as negroes, as livery servants, or in exaggerated evening-dress ; and should be provided with feather brushes, oilcans, screw-drivers and winders, which may consist of noisy winding rattles.

GROUPING AND MAKE-UP OF FIGURES.—Ten, or more figures (according to the size of the stage) may be formed into a semi-circular group. Each figure should be brought forward and may be placed on a pedestal in centre of stage. In some cases where figures are in centre or corner of the stage, moving may be dispensed with, and the pedestal is not required for all figures, nor for groups. Dresses should be bright, and vivid patches of rouge may be given to most figures.

LIGHT.—A good light must be thrown on the stage. Limelight is of valuable assistance.

PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.—The movements of each figure, which should be of a jerky description, should be accompanied and regulated by suitable pianoforte music.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS.

AN OPENING ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is indeed a pleasure to me to visit this highly ancient and venerable place upon this most suspicious occasion, to show before you my transcendential, mechanical, auto-magic waxworks, the like of which has never been seen before upon these terrestrial globes. I will, in the first place, venture, in the most respectful manner possible, to congratulate you one and all, separately and collectively, upon your personal appearance. I would also take the liberty of thanking you for your attendance, and would likewise express my great relief at the honourable way in which you all paid for admission at the doors. As you are no doubt aware the figures which I shall show you are all fitted up inside with the most deliberate clockworks and will be wound up by my two talented assistants, Peter and John. Their machinery is very delicate and difficult to manage, requiring frequent attention. If, therefore, they should make any mistakes I hope that you will kindly look upon them with a refulgient eye. But art is long and waxworks is fleeting, and therefore without any further contradictory illusions, I will at once commence my prescriptions.

LITTLE NELL.

This figure is an exact fac-similar representation of my former attendant, Little Nell, done by one of the most consumptive artists of the present age. She was indeed a treasure to me when she used to exhibit my collection to the nobility and gentry. Everybody was desperately in love with her, and one of my money-takers went so completely out of his mind, on her account, that he embezzled the whole week's takings and has not since been heard of. She made such a deep impression upon the acceptable hearts of Peter and John, that I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, in strict confidence, that they have both taken a solemn vow to live and die in single blessedness unless forcibly abducted by rich heiresses. But let that pass! She could point out the figures in such an easy and graceful manner, and describe them too, that I have reason to believe that she would, in the course of time, have achieved something like my own flow of language. You will see, by merely looking at her effigy, that she is a model of a girl. Her memorials have been well related by my honoured patron, the late Mister Charles Dickens, though I am sorry to say that he has hardly done me equal justice, being somewhat wanting in his depreciation of the highest forms of genius and the loftiest elevations of character.

When wound up you will see Little Nell pointing out the figures in her usual repressive manner.

MOVEMENT:—She turns slowly round pointing with a rod at the various figures and inclining her head at intervals.

THE MAY QUEEN.

This is the celebrated young lady who gave particular instructions to her aged and hardworking parient that she was to be called early on account of her being Queen of the May. I am not aware that it is usual for royal personages to rise at a partickerly early hour, but some allowance must be made for this young lady on account of her hignorance and want of heddication. I do not know very much about her, either for good or for bad, though I am sorry to say that have heard that she was of a somewhat frivolous temperature. If, however, any gentlemen present should, in spite of this fact, desire for any further inflammation concerning her

pedigree and other virchoos and peculiarities, I would refer him to the poet Venison, for I am told that she is fully described in one of his interesting and sensational three volume novels.

MOVEMENT :—She raises her floral sceptre several times and kisses her hand to the audience.

MRS. ALLEN'S HAIR RESTORER.

This figure is one of the chief wonders of my collection, which is owing to my late friend and companion in widow's weeds, Mrs. Allen, almost as much as to myself, for all the hair on the head of this image was grown simply by the application of two bottles of Mrs. Allen's celebrated hair restorer. Mrs. Allen was so inconsolable when poor Allen was taken in an apocalyptical fit that she tore out nearly the whole of her luxuriant tresses, shortly after which she remembered that on account of her eleven young children it was her mellincholly duty,if possible, to marry again,and accordingly she tried all the arts with which she was acquainted to make it grow again. After much scientific analysis of the various kinds of kitchen fat she finally discovered her wonderful hair restorer, which has been a boon and a blessing to the whole civilised female world. Unfortunately her scientific explorations so undermined her health that she expired soon after her wonderful discovery, having, however, in the meantime received fourteen offers which proved the effixy and value of the marvellous mixture. I may add that bottles of this compound may be obtained after the entertainment at the door ; also that if anyone would like a lock off this young lady's head they can be had at five shillings each.

MOVEMENT :—She combs out her hair, looking at herself while doing so in a hand mirror.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

This old lady is the celebrated Mother Hubbard whose story has been handed down to us in a short but elegant piece of poesy. I am afraid she was not a person of the very highest character, for she kept a performing dog, and performing dogs are, in my opinion, having seen a good deal of

them, a low and inferior kind of exhibition, being neither instructive nor artistic like waxwork shows. But let that pass! Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to fetch a bone for her voracious animal, which is one advantage about waxworks that they do not cost anything for food. The cunning brute, whose image is here faithfully represented, had evidently visited the cupboard before her, for when she got there she found that it was bare. She accordingly went out to purchase various commodities from the confiding tradesmen of the neighbourhood, for the purpose of satisfying the pampered creature, and upon each occasion on her return she found the animal going through his somewhat numerous tricks. His degraded and vicious disposition was partickerly exemplified when she went out to buy him an appetising meal of tripe, and upon her return found him engaged in the obnoxious practice of smoking a pipe. He was, however, not utterly lost to all sense of morality, for upon the old lady making a curtsey the dog made a polite bow.

When wound up you will see her in the act of curtseying and the dog returning the compliment.

MOVEMENT:—The two figures approach one another and curtsey and bow respectively.

BUFFALO BILL.

This figure you will recognise as one of the cutest and most imposing personages of the present century, the Honourable Buffalo Bull, who made an exhibition of his native land in London, for the benefit of the British public and his own pocket. I have not myself been to see his celebrated circus, having a Christian horror of pistols and rifles and longbows and other firearms, which I am told he is partial to, like most Americans For my own part I think a waxwork show is much more elevating to the mind, and much more civilised than a lot of wild men a chasing wild beasts on wild horses and making as much noise as they possibly can. I have a horror of horses of all kinds, and what any sane and sober person can see to admire in a buck-jumper is more than I can imagine, and as for buffaloes, a cow is quite enough for me, and a great deal too much. Nevertheless, let that pass, for I have a sincere respect for the Honourable Buffalo Bull, having

always been taught that it is my bounden duty towards my neighbour to admire and respect people who are successful. In this image he is dressed in the peculiar costume of his native island, and you will particklarly observe that he is wearing his cellybrated Wild Vest. I must say for myself that if I were Mrs. Buffalo Bull, which I certainly should not wish to be on any account, I should make him wear a respectable waistcoat and also have his hair cut. But let that pass!

I may add that I obtained this dedly weppin in his hand from the Honourable Buffalo Bull himself. It is, he told me himself, the identical gun with which he killed 535 Indians one morning before breakfast, and he consequently values it considerably.

MOVEMENT:—He raises his gun and flourishes his hat alternately.

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR.

This is the figure of the celebrated Queen who is renownded in a famous poem on account of the sweetness of her disposition, as was exemplified in her taste for bread and honey. The poem is somewhat after the manner of Mr. Swinburne, and is consequentially difficult to understand. It begins with a mysterficatious reference to a sixpence and a pocket full of rye, proceeding to refer to a noble monnick who fed himself on live blackbirds and employed himself largely in counting up his money.

When wound up you will see the way in which royal personages spread their bread and honey and eat it.

MOVEMENT:—She raises her bread and honey to her mouth and bites at it vindictively.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

The poem of "Hey diddle diddle the Cat and the Fiddle" is also understood to be by Mr. Swinburne, being slightly mixed and disconnected. We all know that cats are fond of musical evenings and have much harmony in their souls. Also that they have a special interest in the manufacture of fiddles, in which they play an important part. This uncommon

animal, however, was able to play several tunes on the pleasing instrument, and when wound up you will hear it give a brief solo performance.

MOVEMENT :—Plays for a few seconds on the fiddle.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

This is the great Humpty Dumpty whose pride in ascending to the top of this wall met with the usual result, namely, that he fell down ignominiously, breaking himself in several places and making it quite impossible for the whole of the king's army, who at once hastened to the spot, to put him together again. Humpty Dumpty is believed to have been a high dignitary of ancient times who had become somewhat addled with pride.

When wound up you will see how he lost his balance.

MOVEMENT :—The figure is swayed backwards and forwards by the person behind, whose hands and arms also gesticulate. Finally, the person disappears behind the screen or wall, pushing the figure forward upon the stage.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

These two figures, ladies and gentlemen, are the life-like representations of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. We know comparatively next to nothing at all of their strange eventual history. From their resemblance to each other it is commonly supposed that they were brothers, and the one on the left, especially, is so uncommonly like the other that it is thought that he must be a twin. I regret that the only thing that I can tell you about them is that they fought about a very trifling matter, which circumstance also induces me strongly to believe that they must have been brothers, the somewhat fragmentary poem which relates their auto-geographies stating :—

> Tweedledum and Tweedledee
> Went out to have a battle,
> For Tweedledum, said Tweedledee,
> Had spoilt his nice new rattle.

If you will excuse my making a feeling-scoffical observation I may add that I have known many people quarrel over

differences quite as trifling as those of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But let that pass!

When wound up you will see them playing with their rattles in harmony, a pleasing occupation which must have caused much joy in their ancestral home.

MOVEMENT:—Both figures set their rattles in motion violently.

LIBERTY.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a representation of the celebrated figure which has been erected at the entrance of New York Harbour in order to show the unwary mariners that when they enter [or leave] that port they leave Liberty behind them. As a rule Liberty is associated with a crust of bread, but in the present case the artist has omitted that necessary, but if an artist cannot take a liberty when taking such a subject as this, where *is* the Liberty of the subject? But let that pass! When I gaze upon this figure I feel inclined to remark in the words of the philosopher, "Good old Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you all to gaze upon Liberty, for you cannot, any of you, tell how soon you may be deprived of it.

MOVEMENT:—If wound up the figure waves a torch above her head.

JUSTICE.

This is a worthy representation of the great subject of Justice. She bears in her right hand her celebrated scales, her treatment of persons in general being of a very scaly description; at least, that is my experience. In her left hand she carries her sword, which, as you may perceive, is carefully tempered with mercy. You will notice that my artist has taken great pains to make her even-handed. Her eyes are bandaged, which is supposed to be the reason that she makes so many mistakes, and loses sight of so many deserving people.

MOVEMENT:—If wound up she raises her sword slowly and strikes with it.

ELAINE.

This is a statute of the lovable Elaine, who was one of the idols of the king, celebrated in the poems of Venison. Like many young ladies she became too fond of a military gentleman, which his name was Lancelot. On finding that he was engaged she died of love. He gave her a somewhat mastiff keepsake in the shape of his shield, and in this figure you will see how carefully she guarded it, and how clean she kept it. She was known as the Lily of Astolat, and you will see that my artist has carefully preserved her delicate complexion. After her death she was sent down the river in a boat addressed to King Arthur, who very generously paid her funeral expenses.

MOVEMENT:—She uncovers and displays the shield which is draped.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

You have all doubtless heard of the renownded Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty years in the mountains of North America, and when he woke he was naturally a good deal surprised and disgusted at the goings on in his absence, as anybody no doubt would be who had gone to sleep in this pleasing city for twenty years.

He is here represented after he woke from his refreshing slumbers.

MOVEMENT:—He stretches his arms and yawns.

THE GIRTON GRADUATE.

This figure, ladies and gentlemen, is a young spinster of arts, being one of the most promising young graduates of Girton College, and a strong believer in woman's rights, in which I am sure I fully coincide with her, being an advocate myself of women's sufferings, for if a woman is not a superior being to a man, all I can say is that she must be very worthless indeed and not fit to live. But let that pass! This young lady, like most of the Girton young ladies, is a first-class wrangler, and knows as much as any half-dozen men put together, as indeed most women do. She has written several learned books upon dressmaking, flirting, and other abstruse

sciences, but it is principally as a lecturer to men that she is celebrated, being unequalled in that respect even by any of the female race, for, like most ladies of her sects, she is a true philanthropist at heart, and also disposed to take a merciful view of the shortcomings of benighted and degraded man.

When wound up you will see her in the act of lecturing.

MOVEMENT :—She raises and flourishes a roll of paper several times, bringing it down on each occasion with considerable force.

TITANIA AND PUCK.

This group represents Titania and Puck. Titania, as you are all aware, was the Queen of the Fairies. Her husband, whose name was Overbearon, was so called on account of his jealous dispogition, and he used to lead her rather a sad life of it, keeping very bad hours at night, and shocking company. This person, whose name was Puck, was one of his gentlemen friends, and in order to gratify the jealous monnick he poured the contents of a patent love filter into the eyes of Titania when she was asleep. The result of this proceeding was that when she woke up she fell in love with a gentleman in the weaving trade, whose head was changed into a donkey's. Subsequently all came right in the end and they lived happily ever afterwards. The story delicately insinuates what donkeys some people make of themselves when they are in love, also that there is hope even for the ugliest donkey. In this group you see the mischievous Puck pouring out of the filter into the eyes of the sleeping queen.

MOVEMENT :—Puck balances himself on one foot and waves a phial over the face of Titania, who moves her arms languidly.

MAID MARIAN.

You would perhaps hardly suspect that this charming ung lady was convicted some thirty-five times of poaching. he was the wife of the celebrated Robin Hood, a very notorious poacher of bygone days, and she and her husband were the terror of the gamekeepers and the police for miles round. Her name was Maid Marian, and she and her husband lived under the greenwood trees in Sherwood Forest, which

could not have been a very comfortable home for her, though at any rate it was free from the troubles of rent, servants, and the Income-tax, which are the three principal banes of this long-suffering human existence. Robin Hood was unfortunately in the habit of sneaking out his precarious livelihood by means of occasional highway burglaries in the midst of the gloomy forest, and when wound up you will hear Maid Marian blow a martial blast upon her bugle to warn her husband and his merry men of the near approach of the police.

MOVEMENT:—She brings the bugle to her mouth and blows it—repeated several times.

THE CRUEL BUTCHER WHO MURDERED THE PET LAMB.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you have tears prepare to shed them now. The story of this arge-ruffian is one which cannot fail to draw the tear of sensibility from the most stiffnecked bosom. This barbarious butcher, having made an enormous fortune out of the high price of meat, became a landed proprietor, and you may see his prosperity in the smile which illuminates the lower part of his head. One of his unfortunate tenants, who was ninety years old and an orphan, was unable to pay his rent on account of the depressing state of agriculture, and he made a highly affecting appeal to this cruel man to let him off payment upon this occasion and he would certainly never do it again. But the butcher would not listen to this touching request. He forgot the striking words of the immemorial poet, Shakespeare, upon the subject of Mercy, when he says:—

> The man of property should not distrain,
> Or he'll drop like the gentleman from heaven,
> Never to rise again.

Accordingly he put the bailiffs in, and they seized upon the pet lamb, which belonged to the infant daughter of the aged and depressed agriculturist. Once more to quote the laureate bard, I may say:—

> She washed that lamb with Bailey's soap,
> Which its fleece was white as snow,
> And wherever she chose to slope
> That lamb it was puffictly certain to go.

In spite of the pigeous screams of this infant child they

bore the lamb away to the butcher's slaughter-house, where it was fatted up for the space of a fortnight. In the meantime the broken-hearted and somewhat aged farmer, by means of pawning his only piano and his Sunday suit, had managed to raise all his rent with the exception of 3s. 6d. The remorsiless butcher, however, declared that he would have his pounds of flesh, lamb being then one and ninepence, and he therefore spent his bank holiday in cutting the lamb's throat, afterwards skinning it with his own gore-stained fingers. After executing this heartless deed he became the victim of the keen and annoying anguidge caused by the fangs of remorse. He was haunted, morning, afternoon, and evening, but more especially in the stilly night, by the vision of the murdered lamb. After several unsuccessful attempts to cut his own throat with the wrong side of his knife, he ended his days in an asylum, his principal delusion being that he was a grilled lamb chop.

When wound up you will see him as he appeared when haunted by the ghost of his victim, after which he will cut his throat with the wrong side of his knife.

MOVEMENT :—The lamb is let down by a string and drawn up quickly, each time the butcher strikes at it. After it is finally drawn up he passes the knife backwards and forwards across his throat.

THE MISER WHO STARVED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

This is the representation of Matthew MacMulligan, the celebrated miser, who lived in a garret in Fulham Road and amassed the large fortune of £20,000 by means of picking up pins, orange-peel, and cigar ends upon the London pavements. During the early part of his life he lived with great frugality upon his relations, but, having survived them, he existed during his remaining years almost entirely upon his finger nails and acid drops. Upon one occasion a charitable passenger in the street, noticing his peculiar appearance, presented him with a cake of Pears' soap, which is excellent for the complexion—in fact, I use no other—but such was his meanness that he took it internally for his Sunday dinner. He counted up his money every night, and in order to save expense and to prevent being observed, he did so without a candle, the result being that an enterprising lodger who watched him through

a chink in the door gradually changed them for Hanover medals and gilded sixpences. This miserly wretch reduced his food at last to one acid drop daily, the result being that he starved himself to death. When discovered, the horrible fact is related that several rats were found writhing upon the floor in great agony, having broken their teeth and dislocated their jaws in their efforts to devour his remains. Upon searching his apartment an immense store of counterfeit coin was found under the boards.

MOVEMENT:—Bends over the money and grabs at it violently.

THE CRUEL NURSEMAID WHO CHANGED THE TWINS.

This young person was nursemaid in a baronite's family of high degree, but being one day discovered by the butler in the very act of devouring some of the dog's biscuits she received a month's notice from her indignant mistress. Thereupon she was seized with the spirit of revenge. She determined to wreak her hatred upon the innocent twins who were under her charge, and used to beat and shake them in a manner which was highly shocking to the nerves of the whole household. Two days before she left she cruelly changed them from their cradles, whereby they became hopelessly mixed, and the one who was twenty minutes younger than the other became a baronite and the heir to an estate worth £30,000 a year, whilst his unfortunate brother had to be content with only a bishopric. She came to a bad end, for she married a negro, who subsequently sold her into slavery on the Gold Coasts of Central Afriker, where she was beaten to death with sugar canes, having previously made a full confession of her perfigeous deed, the result being that the younger brother, who had ruined himself and his estate with horse racing, resigned it all with the title to his injured brother, being rather glad to be appointed bishop in his place. Showing that all is well that ends well.

When wound up you will see her shaking and changing the twins.

MOVEMENT:—She takes each doll separately and shakes it violently, finally throwing them both violently into the opposite cradles.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY BULL-FIGHTER WHO FELL A VICTIM TO GLUTTONY.

This bloodthirsty man is the celebrated Corridor de la Gorey, the champion light-weight bull-fighter of the whole world. I have no sympathy with such explodes, for I hold with the poet,

Britannia needs no bull-fights,
Her home is on the deep,

which I hold that bull-fights is a degrading practice only indulged in in those countries where the ennobling exhibition of waxworks is unknown. But let that pass! This remarkable person, after passing through a thousand deadly encounters, fell a mellincholy victim to gluttony, by choking himself with a large slice of bread and marmalade in his sixty-ninth year. We originally had a magnificent waxwork bull with which he used to fight when wound up, but it was so life-like that it tossed Peter and John in several places, and consequentially had to be destroyed.

When wound up you will see him taking the bull by the horns and also artifully dodging it to get out of its way.

MOVEMENT:—The figure sways from side to side grasping with his hands as if holding a bull's horns, and at intervals ducking his head suddenly to the right.

THE REMARKABLE AMERICAN SCARECROW.

This is a wonderful example of the ingenuity of man, and for that reason I have been induced to include it in my Chamber of Terrors. It is a representation of the new automagic American scarecrow, invented and patented by my talented friend the Honourable Lieutenant General Tim Potts, the Chicago manufacturer, who will execute any orders which any enterprising agriculturist present may like to entrust me with. This wondrous figure has been found most efficacious in many parts of America and has received many highly flattering testimonials. One farmer writes to mention that it has not only frightened the crows off his corn but it so terrified several of the younger birds that they have brought back the corn which they had stolen several days previously.

Peter, wind him up.

MOVEMENT:—He suddenly jerks himself to a half-sitting

position and beats a can full of stones with an old brush, jerking himself up again with great suddenness and violence.

JACK SHEPPARD IN PRISON.

I regret to say that I cannot tell you anything good about this somewhat pleasing-looking youth, inasmuch as he was a villin of the deepest dye, being the nefarious Jack Sheppard, burglar and highwayman. I have a strong objection to burglars myself, though I don't know as I have ever seen one excepting in my dreams. But let that pass! Jack Sheppard showed an early inclination for the burglary business, sneaking numerous things out of his mother's cupboards at the age of only seven years. He had several narrow escapes in the course of his professional career, but the narrowest of all was a chimney in Newgate Prison which was only ten inches across. He was thought by the foolish multitude to be very clever because he twice made his escape from Newgate, but, in my humble opinion, he would have shown his cleverness better in not getting in, than he did in getting outside. But let that pass! He was eventually captured by the zeal of a celebrated detective of the name of Jonathan Wild and was hanged amid a crowd of sympathetic spectators.

When wound up you will see him engaged in a skilful attempt to escape from his imprisonment.

MOVEMENT:—He takes his chain in his mouth and it breaks on his pretending to undo it with his teeth.

THE NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER WHO ROBBED THE MISSIONARY BOX.

This is a representation of the nobleman's daughter who was brought up in the lap of luxury and provided with every comfort that heart could desire, including all the advantages of education, and fourpence a month pocket money, but through her sinful passion for expensive coloured ribbons she robbed her aunt's missionary box. She was discovered in the act of picking it open with a hair-pin by her aunt's gardener, who, having previously been in the police, thought it his duty, as a man and a brother, to inform the authorities; the result was that the local magistrate, who, it was said, had a spite against

the nobleman, insisted upon sentencing her to twelve years' penal servitude, in spite of the efforts and influence of the whole house of peers. This sentence, however, was subsequently computed by the Lord High Chanticleer to two years' hard labour on account of its being her first offence and also on its being incidentually discovered that the half-crown was a bad one.

When wound up you will see her force the lock with the hair-pin and abstract the half-crown.

MOVEMENT:—She flourishes a hair-pin, brings it to the box, opens it, and brings out with it a disc of potato or some soft substance to resemble a coin, holding it up for the inspection of the audience.

THE DEPRAVED GIRL WHO SKIPPED UPON THE PUBLIC PAVEMENT.

Who that has trodded the hard and slippery paths of this weary vale of life has not at some time been subject to the annoyance of obnoxious and obstructious games such as tip-cat, marbles, and skipping ropes? To such young people as are so lost to good feeling as to practice these pernicious habits, I would point out this next figure as a terrifying example and warning. This young lady, in spite of the repeated warnings of her parents and the police, persisted in her favourite and savage practice of skipping upon the public thoroughfares. Upon one occasion she upset a perambulator with three children in it, two of them being infants of tender years. They were all of them dashed out with great violence upon their precious noses. The result was that the eldest, who was but a simple child of six, had a turn-up nose to his dying day, and being a robust boy he kicked one of his little brothers very violently in the pit of his chest, very nearly extinguishing his young life. But the saddest part of it was that the youngest infant, who appeared to have escaped uninjured, expired exactly three months afterwards to a day, of the whooping cough, which it was said by the nurse was clearly caught from the fright he experienced. The heartless girl was very properly brought before the magistrate, who was the same gentleman who so properly punished the nobleman's daughter for robbing the missionary box. He accordingly

sentenced this young lady to penal servitude for life, and although she afterwards repented of what she had done, I am told that upon being let out on a ticket-of-leave, in her sixtieth year, she married a chimney sweep. Such is the fate of those who despise the warnings of their godfathers and godmothers, and bring down the grey hairs of passengers with sorrow to the pavement.

MOVEMENT :—She skips to musical accompaniment.

THE JAPANESE CONJUROR WHO KILLED HIMSELF WITH THE SWORD TRICK.

This is the celebrated Japanese conjuror Slight-rixini. He gave upon one occasion a grand performance before the Emperor of Japan at his majesty's imperial court, but he made a large number of valuables disappear in such a remarkable way that he was never asked to repeat the performance. Many interesting tales are told of his dexterity. Upon one occasion he was found by two of the native police under somewhat superstitious circumstances, with the contents of two plate-baskets congealed in his left sleeve. He was, however, quite equal to the occasion, for he at once produced two magic coins of considerable value which immediately caused the two policemen to vanish away round the nearest corner, and what was most remarkable of all, the two coins disappeared from sight with them, and in a truly wonderful way. His greatest achievement was the sword trick, which he performed with a dexterity which was appalling to behold. Upon one occasion, however, he performed this daring experiment once too often, for his hand slipped and the sword went straight through him before he could remember the Japanese for Jack Robinson. Thus he came to an end in a horrible though glorious manner, and his last words were that he should feel amply compensated for the trouble he had taken if his effigy should be included in my celebrated waxworks as a warning to all boys and girls never, upon any account, to play with knives, swords, revolvers, or other deadly edge tools and fireworks.

When wound up you will see him as he appeared before expiring.

MOVEMENT :—He turns slowly round, and when his back is to the audience shakes his head solemnly for a few seconds.

THE GIPSY WHO KIDNAPPED A PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the celebrated Gipsy Jane, who was one of the wickedest of her race. She was in the habit of kidnapping the young children of wealthy parients, and treating them in a most vindictive manner until they were ransomed by their agonised relations. It would sometimes happen that the parents would not ransom their offspring at any price, and these unfortunate young people, after she had cut off all their hair and sold it, she used to barbariously destroy by means of frightening them to death at night with a white sheet and a phosphorescient shrieking skull which she had specially invented for the purpose. Upon one occasion she had managed to kidnap thirteen young lady boarders at a preparatory school at Brighton, and as the schoolmistress and the parients unanimously refused to ransom them until after the Christmas holidays, she cut off all their luxuriant tresses, selling them to a hair merchant for a large sum. Tempted by the desire of gain and in order to cause a fresh crop of hair to grow she fed her miserable victims entirely on hair oil, which had such a wonderful effect that she made a large fortune, for she refused to give them up for several years, managing to delude the strong arm of the law in a very cunning way. Finally their hair grew so long that one night they made their escape by letting each other down by it from the top window of the gipsy's castle. The gipsy was afterwards brought to justice, but was acquitted by the jury principally on account of her youth and innocence and her promising never to do it again.

When wound up you will see the savage way in which she cut off the hair of her young victims.

MOVEMENT :—She chops violently with a large pair of shears at a tress of hair.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Fortunately it requires no strong language on my part to commend this figure to your favourable attention. This rustic young lady is little Miss Muffet. She was partaking of a nourishing meal of curds and whey when a higeous spider, attracted by a fly which was drowning itself in her basin,

suddenly descended, causing her those spasms of alarm which the sight of a spider always creates in all right-minded female bosoms.

When wound up you will see the spider descend upon this unprotected innocent, who will do her best to defend herself with her spoon. Peter, wind her up and oil the spider.

MOVEMENT:—She brings her spoon backwards and forwards from the basin to her mouth, and on the spider being let down strikes at it with the spoon.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

This is one of the very wonderfullest works of art ever exhibited in connection with any waxwork show. This figure represents Pygmason, who was a sculpture in the Isle of Cyprus. This elegant statute, which represented a lady named Galatears, was his work, and it was rejected from the Royal Academy according to their custom on account of its extreme merit. This fact preyed accordingly upon the mind of the high-spirited Pygmason, and he wept over her so much that she was known as the Gal o' tears. Like most artists he was of a very supsettable dispogition and was also inclined to think a great deal more of his works than other people did. Being quite unable to sell her, a person named Venus, who is an artist's model, took pity on him, and one day, by means of magic arts, when he was putting a few finishing touches to the figure, brought her suddenly to life, the result being that he married her and had a fairly good time of it ever afterwards.

When wound up you will see the wonderful transpogition effected by the lady of the name of Venus.

MOVEMENT:—She descends gracefully and raises her hands in astonishment at Pygmalion, who rises from his kneeling posture and turns slowly as she walks round him and re-ascends the pedestal, when he again kneels. Before Galatea descends Pygmalion strikes chips from her dress. She descends to soft music.

MARY THE MILKMAID.

This represents the celebrated milkmaid who resided upon the sands of Dee. You have doubtless heard her adven-

tures, celebrated in song at amateur concerts. She had a rather large number of cattle to attend to. These dangerous and obnoxious animals used to wander about for miles around, and it was one of her most important duties to call the cattle home at night, so that, as you may guess, her calling must have been a very laborious and ardurious one indeed. For my own part I cannot abear cows, and how any respectable young woman could ever choose to be a milkmaid I never could properly reprehend. In her case, as might be supposed, she came to a bad end, for one evening she did not return home, and the result was, not to put too fine a point upon it, there was a coroner's inquest upon her unfortunate remains. The jury returned a verdict of "Found Drowned," but if you want to know my opinion though, I shall always believe that she was tossed to death by those infuriated and bloodthirsty beasts of prey, for she was in the habit of calling them home by waving the red handkerchief which you will see in her right hand, which, it is well known, is apt to have an irritating and exasperating effect on those unreasonable brutes.

When wound up you will see her in the act of calling them home in the simple but dangerous way to which I have referred.

MOVEMENT :—She waves a red handkerchief quickly to music. A good effect is obtained by continuing the waving after the music, when the figure is stopped by the assistants with the explanation that it is over-wound.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

Here you see the pleasing personificature of Dick Whittington and his celebrated and sagacious cat. It is not necessary that I should recapostulate his interesting history at any protracted extent, for his auto-geography will be familiar to you all. As you are aware he was a charity school boy in the City of London, and having been severely flogged for playing truant he made up his precocious mind to run away and seek his fortune by hunting the savage beasts in foreign deserts, for which purpose he took his mother's cat with him, having lured the faithful brute away by means of a skewer of cats' meat. When he got as far as Highgate he became frightened, whereupon he declared that he could hear the bells

saying as plain as possible, "Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." So he went back and was received into the bosom of his family, who, upon hearing of the wonderful bell-ringing performance, determined to edjicate and bring him up as a Lord Mayor. Thanks to this generous conduct on the part of his relations he achieved to that dignified office of Lord Mayor, and such was the ignorance of those days that they elected him three times in spite of his being one of the worst scamps that ever spent the Corporation money. His sagacious cat rode in triumph upon the box-seat in each of the Lord Mayor's processions.

When wound up you will see him as he appeared when listening to the bells.

MOVEMENT :—He raises his hand to his ear whilst music of bells is played. This figure should be lifted backwards and forwards in a kneeling position.

SHYLOCK.

This abandoned individual is the disreputable Shylock, otherwise known as the Merchant of Venison. You have doubtless read of his variegated iniquities in Shakespeare's amusing and popular poems. As you will perceive he was of the Jewish persuasion and was in the money-lending business. On one occasion this insurious old villin lent a large sum to a highly religious person named Antonio, upon the cannibalistical condition that if the cash was not down on the nail, the Jew was to have a pound of the gentleman's flesh to keep himself from starving. The real object of this wicked Jew was to have the life of that Christian gentleman, who, it seems, was in the habit of spitting on him in the street and calling him scurrilious epitaphs, which must have certainly been somewhat irritating, but was doubtless only one of the eccentricities of his genus. Mr. Antonio's ships were all late, which I have noticed is regularly the case with ships in the present day. As the cash was not paid the bloodthirsty Jew claimed his pound of flesh, and he was about to chop it off and devour it in the open court when he was suddenly circumwented in a highly singular manner. As most of the botherations of this vexatchious world are, I regret to say, caused by ovely wommin, so vicy-versy, per contrary, and on the other

hand there is nothing like a wommin to get you out of a scrape It was ever thus, and so it turned out in this case. A lady named Porter dressed herself up as a bigwig, went down to the court, and in a few minutes had turned everything upside down and made all the other big-wigs, and the Judge, and the Jew look uncommonly foolish. Miss Porter pointed out that it was only a pound of flesh that the Jew could have, and that if he took any blood he would be committing perjury. Whereupon he was compelled to give up all his property and was sentenced to death, which would have been carried out but for the jury kindly recommending him to mercy on account of his youth and innocence.

When wound up you will see the bloodthirsty villin sharpening his knife in preparation for the ojious deed.

MOVEMENT :—He sharpens his knife angrily on an old slipper.

CONCLUDING SPEECH BY MRS. JARLEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Before you disperse to your home sweet homes, allow me to thank you for your kind attention, and to remark that any trifles you can spare from your well-filled coffers for Peter and John will be thankfully received, as they are saving up with a view of taking a business in this neighbourhood, which would be a great acquisition to the locality I would also beg to add that if anyone would like to purchase any of these figures, they are for sale at moderate prices, the only condition being that they must be taken at the owner's risk and with all errors of description. I again beg to thank you for your patronage, and, in conclusion, I take the liberty of bidding you a welcome adoo.

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

[redacted]

AUG 1 2 2004

12,000 (11/95)

YC127714

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

B003018734